Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A.257312 4/X/11

1357

Cornell University Library
PR 3193.W5A65 1581a
The conflict of conscience,
3 1924 013 167 204 olin, ove1

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013167204

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Conflict of Conscience

By NATHANIEL WOODES

Date of the first known edition, ... 1581

(*British Museum.* 162. *e.* 24.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Conflict of Conscience,

By NATHANIEL WOODES

1581

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

Fs

A.257312

The Conflict of Conscience,

By NATHANIEL WOODES

1581

The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum (Press-mark, 162. e. 24.); two leaves, A. iii. and A. iv., are wanting, being there supplied by a typographical reprint: see the volumes "Dramatic Fragments," s.v. "Conflict of Conscience," where facsimiles of these four pages, in their original state, from another copy, will be found.

No other edition is known. It was reprinted for the Roxburghe Club in 1851.

Nothing is known of the author save what is stated on the title-page. The D.N.B. makes no mention of him.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, says:— "An excellent facsimile. The only fault is exaggeration of the printing often showing through from the other side of the leaf." An explanation of this defect—insuperable under existing mechanical conditions, I fear— will be found in the earliest issues of this series.

JOHN S. FARMER.

An excellent new Commedie,
Intituled:

The Conflict of Conscience.

CONTAYNINGE,
A most lamentable example, of the dolefull desperation of a miserable worldlinge, termed, by the name of
PHILOLOGVS, who forsooke the trueth of Gods Gospel, for feare of the losse of lyfe, & worldly goodes.

Compiled, by Nathaniell Woodes. Minister, in Norwich.

¶ The Actors names, deuided into six partes, most conuenient for such as be disposed, either to show this Comedie in priuate houses, or otherwise.

Prologue.		Sathan.		Auarice.	
Mathetes.		Tyrranye.		Suggestion.	
Conscience.	for one.	Spirit.	for one.	Gisbertus.	for one.
Paphinitius.		Horror.		Nuntius.	
		Eusebius.			
Hypocrisie.		Cardinal.			
Theologus.	for one.	Cacon.	for one.	Philologus	for one.

AT LONDON
Printed, by Richarde Bradocke
dwelling in Aldermanburie, a little aboue the Conduict. Anno 1581.

The Prologue.

Hen whirling windes which blowe with blaſting blaſt,
Shall ceaſe their courſe, and not the Ayre wooue,
But ſtill vnſtirred it doth ſtand, it chanceth at the laſt,
To be infect, the trueth hereof euen day by day we prooue,
For deepe within the Caues of earth, of force it doth behoue,
Sith that no windes do come thereto, the Ayre out to beate,
By ſtanding ſtil the cloſed ayre, doth breede infections great.

¶The ſtreame or flood, which runneth vp and downe,
Is far more ſweete, then is the ſtanding brooke.
If long vnworne, you leaue a Cloake or Gowne,
Moathes will it marre, vnleſſe you thereto looke:
Againe, if that vppon a ſhelfe, you place, or ſet a booke,
And ſuffer it there ſtill to ſtand, the wormes will ſoone it eate:
A Knife likewiſe, in ſheath layde vp, the ruſt will marre and freat.

¶The good road horſſe, if ſtill at racke he ſtand,
To reſty Iade will ſoone transformed be,
If long vntild, you leaue a fertile lande,
From ſtrecke, and weede, no place wilbe left free:
By theſe examples, and ſuch like, approoue then well may wee,
That idlenes more euills doth bring, into the minde of man,
Then labour great in longer tyme, againe expell out can.

¶Which thing our Author marking well, when wearied was his minde,
From reading graue and auncient workes, yet loth his time to looſe,
Bethought himſelfe, to eaſe his heart, ſome recreance to fynde
And as he muſed in his minde, immediately aroſe;
A ſtraunge example done of late, which might as he ſuppoſe,
Stirre vp their mindes to godlines, which ſhoulde it ſee or heare,
And therefore humbly doth you pray, to geue attentiue eare.

¶The argument or ground wheron our Author chefely ſtayed,
Is (ſure) a Hyſtory ſtraunge and true, to many men well knowne,
Of one through loue of worldly wealth, and feare of death diſmaide,
Becauſe he would his lyfe and goods, haue kept ſtill as his owne,
From ſtate of grace wherein he ſtoode, was almoſt ouerthrowne:
So that he had no power at all, in heart firme fayth to haue,
Tyll at the laſt, God chaungd his mynde his mercies for to craue.

The Prologue.

¶ And here, our Author, thought it meete, the true name to omit,
And at this time, imagine him PHILOLOGVS to be,
Firſt, for becauſe, a Comedie, will hardly him permit,
The vices of one priuate man, to touch particulerly,
Againe, nowe ſhall it ſtirre them more, who ſhall it heare or ſee,
For if this worldling had ben namde, we wold ſtraight deeme in minde,
That all by him then ſpoken were, our ſelues we would not finde.

¶ But ſyth PHILOLOGVS is nought elſe, but one that loues to talke,
And common of the worde of God, but hath no further care,
According as it teacheth them, in Gods feare for to walke,
If that we practiſe this in deede, PHILOLOGI we are,
And ſo by his deſerued fault, we may in time beware,
Nowe, if as Author firſt it meant, you heare it with this gayne,
In good behalfe he will eſteeme, that he beſtowed his payne.

¶ And for becauſe we ſee by proofe, that men do ſoone forget,
Thoſe thinges for which to call them by, no name at all they knowe,
Our Author for to helpe ſhort wittes, did thinke it very meete,
Some name for this his Comedy, in preface for to ſhowe,
Nowe names to natures muſt agree, as euery man do knowe,
A fitter name he could in mynde, no where excogitate,
Then, THE CONFLICT OF CONSCIENCE, the ſame to nominate.

A cruell Conflict certainly, where Conſcience takes the foyle,
And is conſtrained by the fleſh, to yelde to deadly ſinne,
Whereby the grace and loue of God, from him, his ſinne doeth ſpoyle,
Then (wretch accurſt) ſmall power hath, repentance to beginne,
This Hyſtorie here, example ſhowes, of one faſt wrapt therein,
As in diſcourſe before your eyes, ſhall plainely prooued be,
Yet (at the laſt) God him reſtoarde, euen of his mercie free.

¶ And though the Hiſtorie of it ſelfe, be too too dolorus,
And would conſtraine a man with teares of blood, his cheekes to wett,
Yet to refreſh the myndes of them that be the Auditors,
Our Author intermixed hath, in places fitt and meete,
Some honeſt mirth, yet alwaies ware, DECORVM, to exceede:
But liſt, I heare the players preſt, in preſence foorth to come,
I therefore ceaſe, and take my leaue, my Meſſage I haue done.

Exit.

FINIS.

Act.

Acte firſt. Sceane 1.

SATHAN.

High time it is for mee to ſtirre about,
And doo my beſt, my kingdom to maintaine:
For why? I ſee of enemies a rought:
Which all my lawes, and Statutes doo diſdaine:
Againſt my ſtate, doo fight and ſtrive amaine
Whome, in time if I doo not diſſipate,
I ſhall repent it, when it is to late.
My mortall foe, the Carpenters poore ſonne,
Againſt my Children, the Phariſes I meane,
Upbraiding them, did vſe this compariſon,
As in the ſtorie of his lyfe, may be ſeene,
There was a man, which had a vinyard greene:
Who letting it to huſbandmen unkinde,
In ſteade of fruite, vnthankfulneſſe did finde.
So that his Seruantes, firſtly they did beate,
His Sonne lykewiſe, they afterward did kill,
And hereupon that man in furie great:
Wid ſouldiers ſend, theſe huſbandmen to ſpill,
Their Towne to burne, he did them alſo will.
But out alas, alas, for woe I crie,
To vſe the ſame, farre iuſter cauſe have I.
For where the Kingdome, of this worlde is myne,
And his, on whom I will the ſame beſtow,
As Prince hereof, I did myſelfe aſſigne:
My darling deare, whoſe faithfull love I know,
Shall never faile from mee, but daylie flow:
But who that is: perhaps ſome man may doubt,
I will therfore in breefe, purtraict and paint him out.
The mortall man by natures rule is bound
That Child to favour, more than all the reſt,
Which to himſelfe in face, is lykeſt found:
So that he ſhall with all his goodes be bleſt:

Euen

Euen ſo doo I eſteeme and lyke him beſt,
Which doeth moſt neare my dealyngs imitate,
And doth purſue Gods lawes, with deadly hate.
As therefore I, when once in Angels ſtate,
I was, did thinke myſelfe, with God as mate to bee,
So doeth my ſonne himſelfe, now eleuate,
Aboue mans nature, in rule and dignitie.
So that in terris Deus ſum, ſaith he:
In earth I am a God, with ſinnes for to diſpence,
And for rewardes, I will forgiue eche maner of offence.
I ſaide to Eue, tuſh, tuſh, thou ſhalt not die,
But rather ſhalt as God, know euerie thing:
My ſonne likewiſe, to maintaine Idolatrie,
Saith tuſh, what hurt, can carued Idols bring?
Wiſpiſe this Law of God, the heauenly King:
And ſet them in the Churche, for men thereon to looke,
An Idoll doth much good, it is a laymans booke.
Nembroth that Tyrant, fearing Gods hande,
By mee was perſuaded to builde up high Babell:
Whereby he preſumed Gods wrath to withſtande:
So hath my boy, deuiſed very well,
Many pretye toyes, to keepe mens ſoule from hell:
Liue they neuer ſo euill heere, and wickedly
As Maſſes, trentalles, Pardons, and Scala cœli.
I egged on Pharao of Egipt the king
The Iſraelites to kill, ſo ſoone as they were borne:
My darling likewiſe, doeth the ſelfe ſame thing:
And therefore cauſe Kinges, and Princes to be ſworne,
That with might and maine, they ſhal keepe vs his horn.
And ſhall deſtroy with fire, Axe and ſworde,
Such as againſt him ſhall ſpeake but one worde.
And euen as I was somewhat to ſlow,
So that notwithſtanding, the Iſralites did augment:
So for lack of murthering, Gods people doo grow,
And dayly increaſe, at this time preſent:
Which my ſonne ſhall feele incontinent,
Yet an other practiſe, this euill to withſtand.
He learned of mee, which now he takes in hand.

For

For when as Moſes, I might not deſtroy,
Becauſe that he was of the Lord appointed,
To bring the people from thraldome to ioy:
I did not ceaſe, whilſt I had inuented,
An other meanes to haue him preuented:
By accompting himſelfe the ſonne of Pharao,
To make him loth Egipt to forgoe.

The ſame aduiſe I alſo attempted,
Againſt the ſonne of God, when he was incarnate,
Hoping there by, to haue him relented:
And for promotion ſake, himſelfe to proſtrate,
Before my feete when I did demonſtrate,
The whole worlde unto him, and all the glory,
As it is recorded in Matheus Hiſtorye.

So hath the Pope, who is my darlyng deare,
My eldeſt boy, in whom I doo delight:
Leaſt he ſhould fall, which thing he greatly feare,
Out of his Seat, of honor pompe and might,
Hath got to him, on his behalfe to fight:
Two Champions ſtout, of which the one is Auarice,
The other is called Tyrannicall practiſe.

For as I ſaide, although I claime by right,
The kingdome of this earthly worlde ſo rounde:
And in my ſtead to rule with force and might,
I haue aſſigned the Pope, whoſe match I no wher found,
His hart with loue, to mee, ſo much abounde:
Yet diuers men of late, of mallice moſt vnkinde,
Do ſtudy to diſplace my ſon, ſome waywarde meanes to find,
Wherfor I maruell much, what cauſe of let there is,
That hetherto, they haue not their office put in ure,
I will go ſee, for why, I feare that ſomewhat is amis,
If not, to raunge abroad, the worlde, I will them ſtraight procure,
But needes they muſt, haue one to help, mens harts for to allure:
Unto their traine, who that ſhould bee, I cannot yet eſpie,
No meeter match I can finde out, then is Hypocriſie.

Who can full well in time and place, diſſemble eithers parte,
No man ſhall eaſely perceiue, with which ſide he dooth beare,
But when once fauour he hath got, and credit in mans hart:

He will not ſlack in mine affaires, I doo him nothing feare:
But time doth runne, too faſt away, for me to tarie heere,
For none will be enamoured, of my ſhape I doo know,
I will therfore, myne impes ſend out, from hell their ſhapes to ſhow.

Exit.

Acte fyrſt. Sceane 2.

MATHETES. PHILOLOGVS.

My mynde doeth thirſt deare friende Philologus,
Of former talke to make a finall ende:
And where before we gan for to diſcus,
The cauſe why God doth ſuch afflictions ſende,
Into his Church, you would ſome more time ſpende.
In the ſame cauſe, that thereby you might learne,
Betwixt the wrath and loue of God, a right for to diſcerne.

Philologus.

With right good will, to your requeſt, heerin I doo conſent,
As well becauſe, as I perceiue, you take therein delight,
As alſo for becauſe, it is moſt chiefely pertinent,
Unto mine office, to inſtruct, and teach eche Chriſtian wight,
True godlyneſſe, and ſhew to them, the path that leadeth right,
Unto Gods kingdome, where we ſhall, inherite our ſaluation,
Geuen unto us from God, by Chriſt our true propitiation.

But that a better ordered courſe, heerin we may obſerue,
And may directly to the firſt, apply that which inſue,
To ſpeake that hath bene ſaide, before, I will a time reſerue:
And ſo proceede, from whence we left, by courſe and order due,
Unto the ende: At firſt therfore, you did lament and rue,
The miſerie of theſe our daies, and great calamytie,
Which thoſe ſuſtaine, who dare gainſay, the Romiſh hypocriſie.

Mathetes.

I have iuſt cauſe, as hath eche Chriſtian hart,
To waile and weepe, to ſhed out teares of bloud:
When as I call to minde, the torments and the ſmart,
Which thoſe have borne, who honeſt be and good,
For nought els, but becauſe, their errors they withſtood:
Yet ioyed I much, to ſee how paciently
They boare the croſe of Chriſt, with conſtancie.

Phil-

Philologus.

So many of vs, as into one bodye bée,
Incorporate, wherof Chriſt is the liuely heade,
As members of our bodies which wée ſée:
With ioyntes of loue together bee conioyned:
And muſt néedes ſuffer, vnleſſe that they be dead:
Some part of griefe in mynde which other féele,
In bodie though not ſo much by a great deale.
Wherfore by this it is moſt apparent,
That thoſe two into one bodie are not vnyted,
Of the which, the one doth ſuffer, the other doth torment:
And in the woundes of his Brother is delighted:
Now which is Chriſtes bodie, may eaſely be decided:
For the Lambe is deuonred of the Wolfe alway,
Not the Wolfe of the Lambe as Chriſoſtom doth ſay.
Agayne of vnrighteous Cayne murthered was Abell,
By whom the Church of God was figured:
Iſaac lykewiſe was perſecuted of Iſmaell,
As in the Booke of Geneſis is mencioned:
Iſraell of Pharao was alſo terrifyed,
Dauid the Saint, was afflicted by his Sonne,
And put from his kingdome I meane by Abſolon.
Elias the Theſbit, for feare of Iezabell,
Did fly to Horeb, and hid him in a Caue:
Micheas the Prophet, as the Story doth tell,
Did hardly his lyfe from Baalles Prieſts ſaue:
Ieremy of that ſawce taſted haue:
So did Eſay, Daniell, and the Children thrée,
And thouſandes more, which in ſtories we may ſée.

Mathetes.

In the new Teſtament, we may alſo réede,
That our Sauiour Chriſt, euen in his Infancy,
Of Herod the King might ſtand in great dreade:
Who ſought to deſtroy him, ſuch was his inſolency:
Afterward of the Phariſes, he did with conſtancy,
Suffer ſhamefull death, his Apoſtles alſo,
For teſtimonie of the trueth, did their croſſes vnder go.

Philologus.

Iames vnder Herod, was headed with the ſwoꝛde,
The reſt of the Apoſtles, did ſuffer much turmoyle:
God Paul was murthered by Nero his woꝛde:
Domitian deuiſed a Barrell full of Oyle,
The body of Iohn the Euangeliſt to boile:
The Pope at this inſtant ſondꝛie toꝛmentes pꝛocure,
Foꝛ ſuch as by Gods holy woꝛd will indure.
By theſe foꝛmer ſtoꝛies, two thinges we may learne,
And pꝛofytably recoꝛde in our remembꝛaunce:
The fyꝛſt is Gods Church from the Diuels to diſcerne:
The ſecond to marke, what manyfeſt reſiſtaunce,
The Trueth of God hath, and what incombꝛaunce:
It bꝛingeth vpon them that will it pꝛofeſſe,
Wherfoꝛe, they muſt arme them ſelues, to ſuffer diſtreſſe.

Mathetes.

It is no new thing, I doo now perceiue,
That Chꝛiſtes Church doo ſuffer tri bulation,
But that the ſame croſſe I might better receiue:
I requeſt you to ſhew me foꝛ my conſolation:
What is the cauſe, by your eſtimation:
That God doth ſuffer, his people be in thꝛall:
Yet helpe them ſo ſone as they to him call.

Philologus.

The chiefeſt thing, which might vs cauſe oꝛ moue,
With conſtant mindes, Chꝛiſtes croſſe foꝛ to ſuſtaine:
Is to conceiue of Heauen, a faithfull loue:
Wherto we may not come, as Paul doth pꝛoue it plaine:
Vnleſſe with Chꝛiſt we ſuffer, that with him we may raine:
Againe ſith that it is our heauenly Fathers will,
By woꝛldly woes our carnall luſts to kill.
Moꝛeouer, we doo vſe to loath that thing we alway haue,
And doo delight the moꝛe in that which moſtly we doe want,
Affliction bꝛeth vs alſo, moꝛe earneſtly to craue:
And when we once releeued be, true faith in vs it plant,
So that to call in eche diſtreſſe on God we will not faint:

For.

For trouble bring forth patience, from patience doth inſue
Experience, from experience Hope, of health the anker true.
Againe, oftimes, God doth prouide affliction for our gaine,
As Iob who after loſſe of goodes, had twice ſo much therefore:
Sometime affliction is a meanes, to honor to attaine:
As you may ſée, if Ioſephes lyfe, you ſet your eyes before:
Continually it doth vs warne, from ſinning any more:
When as we ſée the iudgements iuſt, which God our heauenly king,
Vpon offenders héere in earth, for their offences bringe.
Sometime God doth it vs to proue, if conſtant we will be.
As he did vnto Abraham: ſomtime his whole intent,
Is to declare his heauenly might, as in Iohn we may ſée:
When the Diſciples did aſke Chriſt, why God the blindneſſe ſent
Vnto that man that was borne blinde? to whom incontinent,
Chriſt ſaide: neither for Parentes ſinnes, nor for his owne offence,
Was he borne blinde, but that God might ſhew his magnificence.

Mathetes.

This is the ſumme of all your talke, if that I geſſe aright,
That God doth punniſh his elect to kéepe their faith in vre,
Or leaſt that if continuall eaſe, and reſt enioy they might:
God to forget through hautineſſe, fraile nature ſhould procure:
Or els by féeling puniſhment, our ſinnes for to abiure:
Or els to proue our conſtancy, or laſtly that we may,
Be inſtruments in whom his might, God may abroad diſplay.
Now muſt I néedes confeſſe, to you my former ignorannce,
Which knew no cauſe at all, why God ſhould trouble his elect,
But thought afflictions all, to be rewardes for our offence:
And to procéede from wrathfull Iudge, did alway it ſuſpect:
As doe the common ſort of men, who will ſtraightway direct
And point their fingers at ſuch men, as God doth chaſtice héere,
Eſtéeming them by iuſt deſert, their puniſhment to beare.

Philologus.

Such is the nature of mankinn, himſelfe to iuſtifye,
And to condemne all other men, whereas we ought of right:
Accuſe our ſelues eſpeciall, and God to magnifie:
Who in his mercy doth vs ſpare, whereas he alſo might,
Sith that we do the ſelfe ſame things, with like plagues vs requight

Which thing our Sauiour Chriſt doth teach, as teſtifyeth Luke,
The thirteenth Chapter, where he doth vaine glorious men rebuke:
But for this time let this ſuffice, now lets homeward goe,
And further talke in priuat place, if neede be, we will haue:

Mathetes.

With right good will, I will attend on you, your houſe vnto:
Or els goe you with mée to mine, the longer iourney ſaue:
For it is now high dinner time, my ſtomack meat doth craue:

Philologus.

I am ſone bidden to my friende, come on let vs departe,

Mathetes.

Goe you before, and I will come behinde with all my harte.

Acte ſecond. Sceane fyrſt.

HYPOCRISIE.

GOD ſpeede you all, that be of Gods beléefe,
The mightie Iehouah protect you from ill:
I beſéeche the lyuing God, that he would giue,
To ech of you preſent, a harty good will,
With fleſh to contende, your luſt for to kyll:
That by the aide of ſpyrituall aſſiſtance,
You may ſubdue your carnall concupiſence.
God graunt you all for his mercyes ſake,
The lyght of his word to your hartes ioy:
I humbly beſéeche him a confuſion to make
Of erronious ſectes, whiche might you annoy:
Earneſtly requiring eche one to imploye,
His whole indeuour Gods word to maintaine,
And from ſtraunge doctrine your hartes to reſtraine.
Graunt Lord I pray thee, ſuch preachers to bée,
In thy congregation, thy people to learne:
As may for Conſcience ſake, and of méere ſincerítie,
Being able twixt Corne and Cockle to diſcerne.
Apply their ſtudie to repleniſh the Berne.
That is thy Church, by their doctrines increaſe,

And make many heires of thine eternall peace. Amen. Amen.
But ſoft let mée ſée, who doth mée aſpect,
Firſt ſluggiſh Saturn of nature ſo colde:
Being placed in Tauro, my beames do reiect,
And Luna in Cancro in ſertile he behould:
I will the effect hereafter vnfoulde.
Now Iupiter the gentil, of temperature meane,
Wyth Mercury the turncote, hée forſoke cleane.
Now murthering Mars retrograde in Libra,
With amiable tryne, apply to my beame,
And ſplendant Sol the ruler of the day:
After his Eclips to Iupiter will leane,
The Goddeſſe of pleaſure, Dame Venus I meane,
To me her poore ſeruaunt ſeme friendly to be,
So alſo doth Luna otherwiſe called Phebe.
But now I ſpeake miſcheuouſly, I would ſay, in a miſtery
Wherfore to interpret it, I holde it beſt done,
For hére be a good ſort I beléeue in this company:
That know not my meanyng, as this man for one,
What? bluſh not at it, you are not alone:
Héere is an other that know not my mynde,
Nor hée in my wordes, great ſauour can fynd.
The Planet Mercurius, is neither whot nor colde,
Neither good nor yet verie bad of his owne nature,
But doth alter his qualytie, with them which do holde:
Any friendly aſpect to him, euen ſo I aſſure:
We Mercurialiſts I meane Hypocrits cannot long endure
In one condicion, but do alter our mynde,
To theirs that talke with vs, thereby friendſhip to fynde.
The litle Camelyon by Nature can chaunge
Her ſelfe, to that colour, the which ſhe beholde:
Why ſhould it then to any ſéeme ſtraunge?
That we do thus alter, why are we controulde?
Sith onely the rule of nature we holde:
We ſéeke to pleaſe all men, yet moſt do vs hate,
And we are rewarded for friendſhip debate.
Saturnus is enuious, how then can hée loue?

Adulation or Hipocriſie to him moſt contrarie,
The Iouiſts being good on loke high aboue:
And on not regard the reſt of the companye.:
Now Mars being retrogard, foretelleth miſerie:
To tyrannicall practiſe, to happen eftſone,
As ſhalbe apparant before all be done.
Which Tirannie with flatterie is eaſely pacifyed,
Wheras Tom tell troth ſhall fele of his Sword,
So that with ſuch men is fully verifyed,
That olde ſaid ſaw, and common by word:
Obſequium amicos, by flateries friends are prepared:
But veritas ôdium parit, as commonly is ſeene,
For ſpeaking the trueth, many hated haue beene.
By Sol vnderſtand, Popiſh principalytie,
With whom full highly I am entertained,
But being eclipſed ſhall ſhew forth his qualytie:
Then ſhall Hipocriſie be vtterly diſdained:
Whoſe wretched exile though greatly complayned:
And wept for of many, ſhalbe without hope,
That in ſuch pompe ſhall euer be Pope.
By Venus the riotus, by Luna the variable,
Betwixt whom and Mercury no variance can fall,
For they which in wordes be moſt vnſtable.:
Would be thought faithfull, and the riotous liberall:
So that Hipocriſie their doings cloake ſhall:
But whiſt not a word, for yonder come ſome, ſtep aſide.
While I know what they are, I will be dombe.

Acte ſecond. Sceane. 2.

TIRANNY. AVARICE.

PVt mée before for I wyll ſhift for one, puſh Auarice
So long as ſtrength remaineth in this Arme, backwarde
And pluck vp thy hart thou faint harted mome,
As long as I lyue, thou ſhalt take no harme:
Such as controll vs, I will their tongues charme,

By

By Fire or sword or other like torment,
So that euer they did it they shall it repent.
Hast thou forgotten what Sathan did saye,
That the K. Hipocrisy our doings should hide, HYP. Ambo
So that vnder his Cloake our partes we should playe,
And of the rude people should neuer be spide,
Or if the worst should happ or betide,
That I by Tiranny should both you defend,
Againste such as mischife to you should pretend.

Auarice.

Indeed such words our Sire did speake, HYP. tut Father Iotsam.
Which being remembred doth make my heart glad,
But yet one thing my courage doth breake,
And when I thinke of it, it makes me full sad,
I meane the euil lucke which Hipocrisy had,
When he was expelled out of this land
For then with me the matter euill did stand.

For I by him so shadowed was from light, HYP. a litle K to hide so great a lubber.
That almost no man could me out espye,
But he being gon to euery mans sight,
I was apparent ech man did descrye,
My pilling and poling so that glad was I,
From my nature to cease a thing most merueilous,
And liue in secret the tyme was so daungerous.

Tyranny.

Tush Auarice thou feareſt a thing that is vayne, HYP. he feareth nothīg he thinketh the hangman is dead.
For by me alone both you shalbe stayed,
And if thou marke well thou shalt perceiue playne,
That if I Tyranny my parte had well played, HYP. he can play too parts the foole and the K.
And from killing of Heretikes my hand had not stayed,
They had neuer growen to such a great rowt,
Neither should haue bene able to haue banisht him out:
But sero sapiunt Phriges, at length I will take heede,
And with bloud enough this euill will preuent, HIP. a popish policye.
For if I here of any that in word or in deed,
Yea if it be possible to knowe their intent,
If I can proue that in thought they it ment:

To

To impaire our eſtates, no prayer ſhall ſerue,
But will paie them their hire, as eche one deſerue.

HYP. Antichriſtian charitie.

Auarice.

The Fiſh once taken, and ſcaped from baight,
Will euer heareafter, beware of the hooke,
Such as vſe hunting will ſpie the Hare ſtraight,
Though other diſcerne her not, yet on her ſhall looke:
Againe, the learned can read in a Booke,
Though the vnſkilfull ſeing equall with them,
Cannot diſcerne an F from an M.
So thoſe which haue talked, the fruite that we beare
And finde it ſo ſower, will not vs implant:

Tyrannye.

Tuſh Auarice, I warrant thee thou needſt not feare,
In the cleargy I know, no friends we ſhal want:
Which for hope of gaine, the trueth will recant:
And giue them ſelues wholy to ſet out Hypocriſie,
Being egd on with Auarice, and defended by Tiranny.

Vtilitas facit eſſe Deos.

Auarice.

Wel may the Clergie on our ſide holde,
For they by vs no ſmall gaine did reape,
But all the temporaltie, I dare be boulde,
To venture in wager of Golde a good heape,
At our preferementes will mourne waile and weepe,

Tyranny.

Though indeede no iuſt cauſe of ioy they can finde,
Yet for feare of my ſword, they will alter their minde.
But I maruell much, where Hypocriſie is,
Me think it is long ſince, from vs he did goe,

HYP. This is ſharp argumentes.

Auarice.

I doubt that of his purpoſe he miſſe:
And therefore hath hanged him ſelfe for woe.
How ſayſt thou Tyranny doeſt not thinke ſo
In faith if I thought that he might bee ſpared,
And we haue our purpoſe beſhrew mée if I cared.

HYP. Praye for your ſelfe.

HYP. your kind hart ſhal coſt me a couple of ruſſhes.

Tyranny

Tyranny.

Saw you euer the lyke of this doubting doult? HYP. Not I the lyke of ſuch a cut-throte Coult.
It grieues mée to heare how faint harted he is,
A litle would cauſe me to kill thee, thou Aſcoulte:
See, ſée, for woe he is lyke for to pille:
To giue an attempt, what a fellow were this?
But this is the god that commeth of Couetouſneſſe
He liueth alway in feare to loſe his riches.
Againe, marke how he regardeth the death of his friend
So he hath his purpoſe, he cares for no moe,
A perfect patterne of a couetous mynd,
Which neither eſteemeth his friend nor his foe,
But rather Auarice might I haue ſaide so:
Who if he were gone, my ſelfe could defende,
Where thou by his abſence wert ſone at an ende.

Acte ſecond. Sceane. 3.

HYPOCRISIE. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

O Louing Father and mercifull God,
We through our ſinnes thy puniſhment deſerue,
And haue prouoked to beat with thy rod:
Vs ſtubborne Children, which from thée do ſwerue:
We loathed thy worde, but now we ſhall ſterue:
For Hypocriſie is placed againe in this lande,
And thy true Goſpell as exile doth ſtande.
This is thy iuſt iudgement for our offence,
Who hauyng the light, in darkneſſe did ſtraie,
But now if thou wouldeſt of thy fatherly benevolence:
Thy purpoſed iudgements in wrath for to ſtay:
The part of the prodigall Sonne we would play:
And with bitter teares before thée would fall,
And in true repentaunce for mercy would call.
In our proſperitie we woulde not regard,
The wordes of the Preachers, who threatned the ſame,
But flattering our ſelues, thought ỹ wouldeſt haue ſpared

Us in thy mercy, and neuer vs blame:
But so much prouoked thée, by blaſphemynge thy name:
Indéede to deny, that in wordes we mayntaine,
That from thy Iuſtice thou couldſt not refraine.
So that Romiſh Pharao a Tirant moſt cruell,
Hath brought vs againe into captiuytie,
And inſtead of the pure floud of thy Goſpell:
Hath poyſoned our ſoules with diueliſh Hypocriſie:
Vnable to maintaine it, but by murthering Tiranny:
Séeking rather the fléece, then the healthy of the Shéepe,
Which are appointed for him for to kéepe.

Tyranny.

Loe Auarice, harke what a Traitor is héere,
Againſt our holy Father this language to vſe:
I might haue harde more if I would him forbeare:
But for greéfe my eares burne to heare him abuſe
His tongue in this maner: wherfore no excuſe,
Shall purchaſe fauour but that with all ſpéede,
By Sword I will render, to him his due méede.
Wherfore, thou miſcreant, while thou haſt time,
Pray to the Saintes, thy ſpokeſmen to bée,
That at Gods hand, from this thy great crime:
By their interceſſion, thou may be ſet frée:

HYP. he ſpeaketh to you ſyra.

Auarice.

Nay heareſt thou Tyranny, be ruled by mé':
Firſt cut of his head, and then let him pray,
So ſhall he be ſure, vs not to bewray.

Hypocriſie.

O wicked Tyranny, thou impe of the Deuill,
To ioyfull tidinges, to thée haue I brought,
For now thou art imbouldened, to practiſe all euill:

Tiranny.

Marry thou ſhalt not giue mée thy ſeruice for nought:
But for thy paines to pleaſe thée I thought.

Hypocriſie.

Thou art nothing ſo ready to do any good,
As thou art to ſhed poore Innocents bloud.

Auarice.

Nay Tyranny ſuffer this raſkall to prate,
Till ſome man come by, and then he is gone,
Then wilt thou repent it, when it is to late:
Diſpatch him therfore, while we are alone:

HYP. on your face ſyr.

Hypocriſie.

Well may the Couetous be lykened to a drone,
Which of the Bées labours, will ſpoile and waſt make,
And yet to get hony, no labour will take.
The Coueitous lykewiſe, from poore men extort,
Their gaines to encreaſe, they onely do ſéeke:
And ſo they may haue it of them a great ſorte:
What meanes they vſe for it, they care not a léeke:
Yet will theſe myſers ſcarce once a weéke:
Haue one good meale, at their owne table,
So by Auarice, to help them ſelues they are vnable.
Auarice to a Fire may well compared bée,
To the which the more you adde, the more ſtill it craue,
So lykewiſe the Couetous minde we do ſée:
Though riches abound, do wiſh ſtill more to haue
And to be ſhort, your reuerences to ſaue:
To a filthy Swyne, ſuch myſers are comparable,
Which while they be dead are nothing profytable.

Auarice.

Nay farewell Tyranny, I came hither to ſoone,
I perceiue already, I am to well knowne:
I were not beſt in their clawes for to come:
Vnleſſe I were willing to be cleane ouerthrowne:

Tyranny.

By the preaching of Gods word, al this miſchiſe is grow (en:
Which if Hypocriſie might happely expell,
All we in ſafetie and pleaſure might dwell.
Stay therefore, while from Hypocriſie we heare,

Auarice.

Diſpatch then this Marchant, leaſt our counſell he tell,

Hypocriſie.

I am content for Gods cauſe, this croſſe for to beare.

Tyranny.

It is beſt killyng him, now his mynde is ſet well.

Hypocriſie.

Your ſcoffing and mocking God ſeeth eche deal:

Tyranny.

Yea, doeſt thou perſiſt, vs ſtill thus to check,
Thy ſpeach I will hinder, by cutting of thy neck.

Hypôcriſie.

Nay, holde thy hand Cadby, thou haſt kild me enough
What neuer the ſoner for a merry woorde?
I meant not good earneſt, to your maiſhip I vow:
I dyd but ieſt, and ſpake but in boord:
Therfore of friendſhip, put vp agayne thy ſwoord:

Tyranny.

Nay caytiffe preſume not, that thou ſhalt goe ſcotfree,
Therfore hold ſtill and I will ſone diſpatch thee.

Hypocriſie.

What? I pray thee Tyranny know fyrſt who I am,
Ye purblinded ſoles, do your eyes blinde your eyes?
Why, I was in place long before you came:
But you could not ſee the wood for the trees:
But in faith father Auarice I will pay you your fees:
For the great goodwill which you to mee beare, HYP. ſigheth.
And in time wyll requight it againe do not feare.

Auarice.

Content your ſelfe, good maiſter Hypocriſie.
The woordes which I ſpake I ſpake vnaware.

Tyranny.

Holde thy hand Hypocriſie, I pray thee hartely:
So lyke a mad man with thy friendes do not fare.

Hypocriſie.

For nether of you both, a pin do I care:
Goe ſhake your eares both, like aſſes as you bee,
And loke not in your neede to be holpen of mee.

Tyranny.

What maiſter Hypocriſie, will you take ſuche ſo ſone?

Hypocry

Parry then you had nèede to be kept very ſmarme,

Auarice.

I ſweare to your maiſterſhip, by the man in the Mone,
That to your perſon I entended no harme:

Hypocriſie.

But that I am wearie, I would bath your tongs charme
Sée how to my face they do mé deride,
I will not therfore in your companies abide.

Auarice.

Why maiſter Hipocriſie, what would you that I do?
For my offence, of mercie I you praye.

Hypocriſie.

With thée I am at one, but of that Marchant to,
I loke for ſome amendes, or els I will away:

Tyrannye.

The preſumptuous fooles parte herein thou doeſt play,
What? of thy Maiſter, doeſt thou loke for obeyſance,
I will not once intreate thée, if thou wilt get thée hence.

Hypocriſie.

Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum,
The olde prouerbe by mé is verefied,
By too much familiaritie contemned be ſome:
Euen ſo at this preſent to mé it betide:
For of long time Hypocriſie hath ruled as guide:
While now of later daies through Heretikes reſiſtaunce
I retained Tyranny to yeld mé aſſiſtaunce.
But through ouer much lenytie, he thinks himſelf check
With mée his god patron, Maiſter Hypocriſie, (mate

Tyranny.

Lyſt I pray thée Auarice, how this raſcall can prate:
And with mée Tyranny doth chalenge equalytie:
Where hee of himſelfe hath neither ſtrength nor habilitie
But thou to him riches, and I ſtrength do giue,
So that I muſt be his maiſter, though it doth him greeue.

Auarice.

Two Dogges oftentimes one bone would faine catch,

Hypocrysie.

The nature of Hypocrites, herein we rehearce:
Which being convinced by the text of Gods worde,
The ende of their spowting is Fyre and Swoord.
But if you wil nedes be chiefe, God spéd wel ỹ plough
I will be none that shall follow your traine,
For if I should, I know well inough:
That to fly the Countrie, we all should be faine:
Then were my labour done but in vaine,
You know not so much as I do Tiranny,
Therfore I aduise you be ruled by mee.

Tiranny.

Inter amicos omnia sunt communia they say,
Among frendes there is reconed no propertie,
But what the one hath of his owne, thother may:
Haue the vse of the same, at his owne lybertie:
Euen so among vs it is of a suretie:
For what the one hath of his owne proper right,
It is thine to vse by day or by night.

Auarice.

Indéde you say trueth, the ende is woorth all,
Such thinges as to get the ende are referred,
And by this reason to you I proue shall:
That I before Hypocrisie must be preferred:
The conclusion of my reason is this inferred:
Sith Hypocrisie was inuented to augment priuat gaine,
I am the end of Hypocrisie, this is plaine.

HYP. he hath learned logeres.

Hypocrisie.

Actum est de Amicitia, the bargen is dispatched,
And we two in friendship, are vnited as one.

Auarice.

In the same knot, with you let mée also be matched:
And of mony I warrant you, you shall want none:

Hypocrisie.

I agrée, what say you? shall he be one?

HYP friendship for gaine

Tyran. I iudge him nedefull in our company to bée:
And therfore, for my part, he is welcome to mée.
Let vs now spédely on our businesse attende,

And

And labour eche one to bring it about.

Hypocriſie.

That is already by mee brought to ende:
So that of your preferment you neede not to doubt.
And my comming hether was to finde you out:
That at my elbow you might be in readineſſe,
To help if neede were in this waighty buſineſſe.
To tell you the Storie it were but to tedious,
How the Pope and I together haue deuiſed,
Firſtly to inuegle the people relygious:
For greedineſſe of gaine, who will be ſome prezed:
And for feare leaſt hereafter they ſhould be diſpiſed:
Of their owne freewill, will maintaine Hypocriſie
So that Auarice alone, ſhall conquere the Cleargie.
Now of the chiefeſt of his carnall Cardinals,
He doth appoint certaine, and giue them authoritie,
To ride abrode in their pontificalles:
To ſee if with Auarice, they may winne the Layitie:
If not, then to threaten them with open Tyranny:
Whereby doubt not but many will forſake,
The trueth of the Goſpell, and our parties take.

Tyranny.

This deuice is praiſe worthy, how ſaiſt thou Auarice?

Auarice.

I lyke it well if it were put in vre,
Yet litle gaine to mee, ſhall this whole practiſe:
More then I had before time procure:

Hypocriſie.

The Legates are ready to ride I am ſure:
Wherfore we had neede to make no ſmall delaye,
They ſtay for my comming alone, I dare ſay,
Howbeit the Layitie would greatly miſlike,
If they ſholud know all our purpoſe and intent,
Yea and perhaps ſome meanes they would ſeeke:
Our forſaide buſineſſe in time to preuent:

Tyranny.

Will you then be ruled by my arbiterment?

Leaſt

Leaſt the people ſhould ſodenly diſſolue tranquyllytie,
For the Legates defence, let hym vſe me Tyranny:
Hypocriſie.
Herein your counſell is not muche vnwiſe,
Saue that in one thing, we had néede to beware,
Leaſt you be knowen, we wyll you diſguiſe,
And ſome graue Apparell for you wyll prepare,
But your name Tyranny, I feare all wyll marre:
Let me alone, and I wyll inuent,
A name to your nature, whiche ſhalbe conuenient:
Zeale ſhall your name be, how lyke you by that?
And therfore, in office, you muſt deale zealouſly:
Tyranny.
Let me alone, I wyll pay them home pat:
Though they call me Zeale, they ſhall féele me Tyrranny
Hypocriſie.
Loe, here is a Garment, come dreſſe you handſomly:
I mary (quoth he) I lyke this very well:
Now, to the Deuyls Grace, you may ſéeme to geue coũſell
Now muſt I apply al my Inuention,
That I may deuice Auarice to hide:
Thy name ſhalbe called Carefull prouiſion,
And euery man for his Houſhold may lawfully prouide,
Thus ſhalt thou go cloaked, and neuer be ſpide:
Auarice.
Thy counſell Hipocriſie, I very well allow,
And will recompence thée, if euer I know how.
Tirranny.
Now, on a boon voyage, let vs depart,
For I wyll lothe any time to delaye,
Hypocriſie.
Nay, yet in ſigne of a mery hart,
Let vs ſinge before we go awaye.
Auarice.
I am content, begyn I you pray,
But to ſinge the Treble, we muſt néedes haue one.

Hypocriſie.

If you ſay ſo, let it euen alone. Exeunt.

Acte thyrde. Sceane .i.

PHILOLOGVS.

TOO true (alas) too true I ſay, was our Diuination,
The whiche Mathætes did foreſee, when laſt we were in place,
For now (in deede) we feele the ſmart and horrible veration,
Whiche Romyſh power vnto vs did threaten and manace:
Wherfore, great neede we haue, to call to God alway for grace:
For fœble fleſh is farre too weake, thoſe paynes to vndergo:
The whiche all they that feare the Lord, are now appointed to,
The Legate from the Pope of Rome, is come into our Coaſtes,
Who doth the Sainctes of God eche where, with Tiranny oppreſſe,
And in the ſame moſt gloryouſly himſelfe he vaunt and boaſt,
The more one mourneth vnto him, he pittieth the leſſe,
Out of his cruell Tyranny, the Lorde of Heauen me bleſſe:
For hitherto, in bleſſed ſtate, my whole lyfe I haue ſpent:
With health of body, wealth in Goodes, and minde alway content.
Beſides, of friendes, I haue great store, who do me firmely loue,
A faithfull wife and children fayre, of woodes and paſture store,
And diuers other thinges, whiche I haue got for my behoue,
Whiche nowe to be depryued off, would grieue my hart full ſore:
And if I come once in their clawes, I ſhall get out no more.
Vnleſſe I wyll renounce my faith, and ſo their willes fulfyll:
Whiche if I do, without all doubt, my ſoule for ay I wyll.
For ſith I haue receiued once the firſt fruictes of my faith,
And haue begon to ronne the courſe, that leadeth to ſaluation,
If in the midſt therof, I ſtay or ceaſe, the Scripture ſayth,
It boteth not that I began with ſo good preparation,
But rather, maketh muche the more, vnto my condemnation:
For he alone ſhall haue the Palme, whiche to the ende doth ronne,
And he which plucks his hand frō Plough, in Heauē ſhal neuer com.
Thoſe Labourers, which hyred were in Vineard for to wayle,
And had their Peny for their payne, they taried all whyle night,

For

For if they ceaſſed had, when Sunne their fleſh with heat did broyle,
And had departed from their worke, they ſhould haue loſt by right,
Their wages Peny: I likewiſe, ſhalbe depriued quight
Of that ſame Crowne, the whiche I haue in fayth longe loked for,
But for this time, I wyll depart, I dare here ſay no more. Exit.

Acte thyrde. Sceane. 2.

HYPOCRISIE.

HA, ha, ha, mary now the Game begimne,
Hypocriſie throughout this Realme is had in admiration,
And by my meanes, both Auarice and Tirranny crept in,
Who in ſhort ſpace, wyll make men ronne the way to deſolation,
What did I ſay? my tongue dyd tryp, I ſhould ſay, conſolation.
For now (forſoth) the Clergie muſt into my boſome creepe,
Or els, they know not, by what meanes, them ſelues alyue to keepe.
On the other ſide, the Laietie, be they eyther riche or poore,
If riche, then Auarice ſtrangle them, becauſe they wyll not looſe
The worldly wealth: or els we haue one ſubtile practiſe more,
That is, that ſenſuall Suggeſtion, their outwarde man ſhall poſe,
Who can full finely in eche cauſe, his minde to them diſcloſe,
But if that neither of theſe twayne, can to my trayne them wynde,
Then, at his Cue (to play his parte, doth Tirranny begynne.
As for the poore knaues, ſuche a one as this is,
We do not eſteeme hym, but make ſhort ado,
If he wyll not come on, we do hym not myſſe,
But to the Pot, he is ſure to goe:
Tirranny deales with hym and no moe.
But I meruayle, what doth hym from hence ſo longe ſtay:
Sooner named, ſooner come, as cõmon Prouerbes ſay. Sep aſide.

Acte. thyrde. Sceane. 3:

TYRRANNY, AVARICE. HYPOCRYSIE.

BY his woundes, I feare nott, but it is cocke ſure now, Hyp he hath a goodly grace in ſweatyng.
Vnder the Legates Seale, in Office I am placed:

Auarice.

Harke me thought one hallowed & called you by name.

Tyranny.

I would it were Hypocriſy. Aua. It is the very ſame,
What Maſter Hyprcriſie for you I haue ſought,
This howre or two but could you not finde.

Hypocriſie.

That is no mervaile it is not for nought,
For I am but litle and you two are blinde,
Neither haue you eyes to ſée with behinde,
Yet may the learned note herein a myſtery,
That neither Tyran. nor Auar. can finde out Hypôcriſie.
But what earneſt buſines haue you in charge,
That with ſo great ſpéde muſt preſently be finiſhed.

Tyranny.

Mary ſée here. Hip. what is it? Tyran. a commiſſion large
From my Lord Legate him ſelfe authorized,
The effect whereof muſt preſently be practiſed.

Hypocriſie.

What is the tenure I pray you let me know.

Tyrannye.

Auarice hath red it, not I, let him ſhowe.

Auarice.

He hath ſtrictly in charge to make inquiſition,
Whether Aulters be reedified whether chalice and booke,
Veſtments for Maſſe, ſacraments and proceſſion,
Be prepared againe: if not he muſt looke,
And finde out ſuch fellowes as theſe cannot brooke:
And to my Lord Legate ſuch Marchants preſent,
That for their offence they may haue condign puniſhmẽt.
If any we take tardy Tyranny them threat,
That for their negligence he will them preſent,
And I deſirous ſome money to get,
If ought they will giue me, their euill will preuent,
Yea ſomtime, of purpoſe, ſuch ſhifts we inuent.

Hypocriſie.

Peace, yonder comes one (me thinke) it is a prieſt,

Sea that te ete him with ther fatty delayuered he maiwght be,
New of this thing delayuerance, ne man can mak but we,
Se that the market in this punt, we Prieſts ſaiwd han at will,
And with the money we ſoiwd yet, aiwr pwches we ſoiwd fill.

Hypocriſie.

I will goe and ſaloiwt him, gwd moirow ſir John,

Cacon.

Naiw bay may Prieſt hade God giue ye ten far ene,

Hypocriſie.

Do you Maiſter Parſon in this Parith ſinge?

Cacon.

Yai ſir that ay de, gif yoiwll giue me trothing,

Tyranny.

I haue a comiſſion your houſe and Church to ſeke,
To ſearch if you any ſeditious Wokes do keepe.

Cacon.

Whe ay? well a neare ay ſwer bay the Sacrament,
Ay had rather han a cup af nale then a Teſtament.

Hypocriſie.

How can you without it your office diſcharge?

Cacon.

It is the leaſt thing ay car far bay may charge,
Far ſe lang as thea han Images wharon te luke,
What nede thea be diſtructed awt af a Buke.

Hypocriſie.

Tuſh that will wodiſie them all well enoiwe,
As well a dead Image as a dumb Idole I make God aboiwe,

Cacon.

Yai, ay my ſen, bay experience thob con ſhoiwe,
Far in may Poitace the tongue ay de nat knoiwe,
Yet when ay ſée the great gilded letter,
Ay ken it ſea well, as nea man ken better:
As far Example, on the day of Chriſtes Natiuitie,
Ay ſée a Bab in a Manger, and two Beaſtes ſtanding by
The Seruice whilk to Newyeares day is aſſaygnd,
Bay the Paicture of the Circumciſion ay fayne,
The Seruice, whilk on Twelfth day muſte non,

Ay

Ay ſeeke bay the marke of the thꝛee kynges of Colon.
Bay the Deuill tentyng Chꝛaiſt, ay ſaind whadrageſima,
Bay Chꝛaiſt on the Crolle, ay ſeech out gude frayday:
Paſch foꝛ his marke, hath the Reſurrection,
Ayenſt Hally Thurſday, is pented Chꝛaiſtes Aſſention,
Thus in mayn owne buke, ay is a gude Clarke,
But gyf the Sents war gone, the Cat had eate my mark
Se the ſandꝛy mairacles, whilk ilk Sent haue done,
Bay the Pictures on the walles ſal appeere to them ſone
Bay the whilk thea ar lerned in euery diſtreſſe,
What Sent thea mun pꝛea te far ſuccour doubtles:
Sea that all Lepers te Sylueſter muſt pꝛea,
That he wawd frée tham, ther diſeaſe take away.
Laykwais, thea that han the fallyng ſaickneſs,
Te be eaſed therfre, thea mun pꝛea to St. Cornelis:
In contagious aier, as in plague oꝛ peſtilence,
Te hally Sent Ruke, thea mun call far aſſiſtance.
Fra parill of dꝛawning, Sent Carp kéepe the Maryners
Fra dayng in warfare, Sent George gard the Soldiers,
Sent Iob heale the Pore, the Agew, Sent Germaynie,
Far te eaſe the towthache, call te Sent Appollyne,
Gif that a woman be barren and childles,
Te helpe her herein, ſhe muſt pꝛea te Sent Nicolas.
Far wemen in trauayle, call to Sent Magdalene
Far lawlynes of minde, call te Sent Katheryne,
Sent Loy ſaue your Horſe, Sent Anthony your Swyne.

Tyranny,

What: this Parſon, ſéemeth connyng to be,
And as farre as I ſé, in a gud vniuerſitie:
Yea, he is well red, in that golden Legend.

Cacon.

Bay may troth, in readyng any other, ne tayn be I
Far that ay ken, bay generall cauſell, is canonizéd (ſpend
And bay the hely Pope hymſelfe is authoꝛizéd:
That Buke farther, is wholly permytted,
Wharas, tye Bayble in part is pꝛohibited.
And therfoꝛe, gif it be lawfull to vtter my conſcience,

Before

Before the new Teſtament ays giue it credence.

Hypocriſie.

I allow his Iudgemnet before Ambroſe & Auſtin,
And for Hypocriſie, a more conuenient Chapleyn,

Auarice.

It greeueth me much that no fault we can ſpye,
For now of ſome bribe diſappoynted am I,
Yet happily he may tell vs of ſome Heretykes.

Tiranny.

Is there M. Parſon in your pariſh no Scilmatikes?

Cacon.

Yai mara is ther a bara buſy bodye,
Whe will ieſt with me and call me fule and noddye,
And ſets his Lads te ſpowt latin ayenſt me,
But ay ſpoſe then with Deparfundis Clam aui,
And oftentimes he wil reſon with me of the Sacarment,
And ſay he can prowe bay the new Taſtament,
That Chrayſtss body is in Heauen placed,
But ays not beleue him, ay woll not be awt faced,
He ſays beſayd that the Pope is Anticraiſt,
Fugered of Iohn bay the ſeuen hedded beaſt,
And all awre religion is but mons inuention,
And with Gods ward is at vtter diſſention,
And a plaguy deel mare af ſayk layk talke,
That ay dar not far may nars bay his yate walke,
But ay wawd be wer brunt that ay mawght be whaiet.

Tiranny.

He muſt haue a coler his tongue runnes at riat.

Auarice.

What is his name ſir Iohn, canſt thou tell vs?

Cacon.

Yai ſir that ay ken he is cleped Phailelegoos.

Tyranny.

Wilt thou go ſhow his houſe where he dwell?

Cacon.

Yai or els ay wawd may ſawl war in Hell,
Le de him a pleſure ay wawd gang a whole yeare,

Gif it war but te make him a Fadocke te heare.

Tyranny.

Go with vs Auarice and beare vs company.

Auarice.

Nay, if you go hence I will not here tary.

Hypocriſie.

Away ſirs in your buſines in a corner do not lurke,
That my Lord Legate, when he coms may haue worke.

Tyranny.

Come on let vs go together ſir John.

Cacon.

Ay ſall follow after, God boy you good Gentleman.

Hypocriſie.

Farewell, three falſe knaues, as betweene this and London.

Tyranny.

What ſayſt thou? Hip. As honeſt men as ỹ three Kings of Colon.
This geare goes round if that we had a fiddle: Exeunt Tyr. Auar. Cacon.
Nay, I muſt ſing to, heigh dery dery dery,
I can do but laugh my hart is ſo merry,
I wilbe minſtrel my ſelfe heigh didle didle didle,
But lay there a ſtrawe I began to be wery:
But harke I heere a trampling of feete,
It is my Lord Legate I will him go meete.

Acte fourth. Sceane I.

CAR. HYPO. AVA. TYR. PHILO.

GO to Maſter Zeale, bring forth that Heretike,
Which doth thus diſturb our religion Catholicke.

Hypocriſie.

Roiom for my Lords grace: what: no maner reuerence,
But Cap on head Hodge, and that in a Lords preſence.

Cardinall.

What: Maſter Hypocriſie I haue ſtayed for you long.

Hypocriſie.

You were beſt crowd in and play vs amonge.

Cardin all

Cardinall.

Where haue you ben from me ſo long abſent,
I appoynted to haue ben here thꝛée howꝛes ago,
In my conſiſtoꝛy to haue ſet in Iudgement,
Of that wꝛetched Sciſmatike that doth trouble vs ſo.

Hypocriſie.

What haue you caught but one and no moe?
In fayth father Auarice, you haue plied your chaps well.

Auarice.

I muſt néeds confeſſe that I am payd foꝛ my trauell.

Tyranny.

Rowme foꝛ the pꝛiſoner, what? rowme on ech hand,
Oꝛ I ſhall make ſome out of the way foꝛ to ſtand.
Lo héere (my Loꝛd) is that ſeditious Sciſmatike,
That we haue layd waite foꝛ, an arrant Heretike.

Cardinall.

Sit downe Maiſter Hypocriſie to yéeld me aſſiſtance.

Hypocriſie.

I thank your Loꝛdſhip foꝛ your courteous benéuolence,
I wilbe the Noddy, I ſhould ſay the Notary,
To wꝛight befoꝛe my Loꝛd Legate which is Comiſſary.

Cardinall.

Ah ſirra, be you he that doeth thus diſturb,
The whole eſtate of our fayth Catholike?
Art thou ſo expert in Gods lawes and woꝛd,
That no man may learne thée? thou arrant Heretike:
But this is the nature of euery Sciſmatike:
Be his erroꝛs neuer ſo falſe Doctrine,
Ye will ſay, by Gods woꝛd, he dare it examine.

Philologus.

With humble ſubmiſſion to your authoꝛitie,
I pardon craue if ought amiſſe I ſaye,
Foꝛ being thus ſet in perill and extreamitie,
To me vnaquainted, my tongue ſome trip maye,
Wherefoꝛe excuſe me, I do your Loꝛdſhip pꝛaye,
And I will anſweare to euery demaund,
Accoꝛding to my conſcience, Goddes woꝛde being my warrand.

I meane Iohn Euangeliſt (by birth) Coſin germaine,
To our Sauiour Chriſt as ſtoryes do vs tell,
From whoſe ſucceſſion if that you ſhould clayme
Superioritie, you ſhould mend your cauſe well,
For then of ſome likelyhod of truth it ſhould ſmell,
Where none ſo often as Peeter was reproued,
Nor from ſtedfaſt fayth ſo often tymes remoued,
But graunt all were true herein you do fayne,
Marke one proper leſſon of a Greeke Oratour:
As a good childe of his fathers welth is inheritour,
So of his fathers vertues he muſt be poſſeſſour,
Now Peter folowes Chriſt and al worldly goods forſakes
But the Pope leaueth Chriſt, & himſelfe to glory takes:
And to be ſhort Chriſt himſelfe refuſed to be a King,
And the ſeruant aboue the Maſter may not be,
Which being both true it is a ſtrange thing,
How the Pope can receiue this pompe and dignitie,
And yet profeſſe himſelfe Chriſtes ſeruant to be,
Chriſt wilbe no King, the Pope wilbe more,
The Pope is Chriſtes Maſter not his ſeruant therefore.

Cardinall.

Ah thou arrant Heretike I will the remember,
I am glad I know ſo much as I do,
I haue wayed thy reſons and haue found them ſo ſlender
That I thinke them not worthy to be anſweared:
How ſay you Maſter Hipocriſy? HIP. I alſo thinke ſo,
But let him go forwarde and vtter his conſcience,
And we will awhile longer here him with patience.

Cardinall.

Say on thou Heretike of the holy Sacrament,
Of the body and blood of Chriſt, what is thine opinion?

Philologus.

I haue not yet finiſhed my former argument.

Cardinall.

Say on as I bid the, thou art a ſtoute Minion:

Philologus.

I ſhall then gladly: it is a ſigne of vnion,

The which ſhould remaine vs Chriſtians among,
That one ſhould loue another all our life long:
For as the bread is of many Cornells compounded,
And the Wine from the Iuice of many Grapes do diſcend,
So we which into Chriſt our Rocke are ingrounded:
As into one Temple, ſhould ceaſe to contend:
Leaſt by our contention the Church we offend,
This was not the leaſt cauſe among many more,
Which are now omitted that this Sacrament was geuen for,
The cheefeſt cauſe why this Sacrament was ordained,
Was the infirmitie of our outwarde man:
Whereas Saluation to all men was proclaymed.
That with true fayth apprehend the ſame can,
By the death of Ieſus Chriſt that immaculate Lambe,
That the ſame might the father of all men be beleeued,
To the word to ad a Sacrament, it Chriſt nothing greeued
And as we the ſimer beleeue that thing true,
For the tryall whereof more witneſſes we finde,
So by the meanes of the Sacrament many grue
Beléeuing creatures, where before they were blynde,
For our ſences ſome ſauour of our fayth now do finde,
Becauſe in the Sacrament there is this Analogy:
That Chriſt feedes our ſoules as the bread doth our body.

Cardinall.

Ah thou foul Heretike, is there bread in the Sacrament?
Where is Chriſtes body then which he did vs giue?

Philologus.

I know to the faythfull receiuer it is there preſent:
But yet the bread remaineth ſtil I ſtedfaſtly beleeue,

Cardinall.

To here theſe his errors it doth me greatly greeue:
But that we may ſhortly to ſome iſſue come,
In what ſence ſayd Chriſt, Hoc eſt Corpus meum?

Philologus.

Euen in the ſame ſence that he ſayd before:
Vos eſtis ſall terræ, vos eſtis Lux mundi:
Ego ſum oſtium: and a hundreth ſuch more,

If tyme would permit to alledge them ſeuerally,
But that I may the ſimple ſorte edifie,
You alke me in what ſence these wordes I verifie,
Where Chriſt of the bread ſayd: this is my body.
For anſwere herein, I aſke you this queſtion,
Were Chriſtes diſciples ſalte tranſformed:
When he ſayd: ye are the ſalt of the earth euery one,
Or when the light of the worlde he them affirmed,
Or himſelfe, when a poste when he reckoned,
Or to be a Vine did his body then change?
If not then, why now, this ſame ſeemeth ſtrange.

Cardinall.

Why doeſt thou doubt of Chriſt his omnipotent power?
But what ſo he willeth doth ſo come to paſſe.

Philologus.

God keepe me and all men from ſuch a frentye,
As to thinke any thing Chriſtes power to ſurpaſſe,
When his will to his power ioyned was,
But where his will without his power is ineffectuall
As Chriſt can be no lyer, God cannot be mortall,
Set downe therefore ſome proofe of his will,
That he would be made bread, and then I recant.

Cardinall.

This Cauill, myne eares with winde he doth fill:
His wordes both truth and reaſon doth want:
Chriſtes word is his will, this muſt thou needes graunt.

Philologus.

He ſpake the wordes, when he ſaid: I am the doore,
Was his body tranſformed into tymber therefore?

Cardinall.

Nay if thou beeſt obſtinate I will ſay no more.
Haue him hence to priſon and keepe him faſt ſure:
I will make him ſet by my friendſhip more ſtore:
But hereſt thou Zeale, go hyde and procure,
Some kinde of new torment, which he may not endure.

Tirannye.

I am here in redines to do your commaundement.

And

And will returne hither agayne incontinent.

Hypocriſie.

At thy returne, bryng hether Senſuall Suggeſtion.
That if neede be, he may vs aſſiſt,
Leaſt that both I, and Carefull prouiſion,
The zeale of Philologus, may not fully reſiſt.
But he in his obſtinacie doth ſtyll perſiſt,
To put him to death, would accuſe vs of Tirranny:
But if we could win him, he ſhould do vs much honeſty.

Tyranny.

I heare you, and wyll fulfill your wordes ſpedely.

Hypocryſie. Exit Tyrran.

God Maiſter Philologus, I pittie your caſe,
To ſee you ſo folyſh, your ſelfe to vndo:
I durſt yet promys to purchaſe you grace,
If you would (at length) your errours forgoe:
Therfore, I pray you, be not your owne foe.

Philologus.

Call you thoſe Errours, whiche the Goſpell defends,
I know not then, whence true Doctrine deſcends.

Cardinall.

Nay, Maiſter Hypocriſie, you ſpend tyme in vaine.
To reaſon with him, he will not be removed,

Auarice.

Had I ſo much to liue by as he hath certayne,
I would not loſe that which I ſo well loued.

Cardinall.

He ſtands in his reputation, he will not be reproued:
And that is the cauſe that he is ſo obſtinate:
But I ſhall well enough thy corage abate.

Philologus.

I humbly beſeeche you of Chriſtian charitie,
You ſeeke not of purpoſe my bloud for to ſpill.
For if I haue diſpleaſed your authoritie,
In reaſonable cauſes redreſſe it I will,
But in this reſpect I feare I ſhould kill
My ſoull for euer: if againſt my conſcience

I ſhould

I should to the Popes lawes acknowledge Obedience.

Hypocrysie.

Ceace from those wordes, if your saftie you loue:
As though no man had a soule more then you:
Suche nips (perchance) my Lords patience wyll moue:
Then would you please him, if that you will how:
But, if you wyll be ruled, (by my honestie) I vow,
I will do the best herein that I can:
Because you seeme to be a good Gentleman.

Auarice.

Were it not better for you to lyue at ease?
And spend that merely, whiche earst you haue got,
Then by your owne follie, your selfe to disease?
And bring you to trouble, whiche other men seeke not.

Hypocrisie.

In faith, Philologus, your zeale is to hote,
Whiche wyll not be quenched, but with your hart blood,
If I were so zealous, I would thinke my selfe wood.

Cardinall.

Tush, it wyll not be, he thinkes we do but iest,
Wherfore, that some tryall of my minde, he may haue,
That Carefull Prouision, should goe, I thinke best,
Into the towne and there, assistance craue,
His House for to enter, and his Goods for me saue:
Least, when his wife know, that they be confiscate,
Into other mens kepyng, the same she doth dissipate.

Hypocrisie.

You speake very wisely, in my simple Iudgement,
Therfore, you were best to sende him away.

Cardinall.

Go to, Carefull Prouision, depart incontinent,
And fulfill the wordes, whiche I to you say,

Auarice.

Of pardon herein, I do your Lordshyp pray,
You doubt not I trust, of my wyllyng minde,
Whiche herein most redy, you alway shall finde.
For who is more redy, by fraude to purloyne,

To approue vnto mée by Gods holy lawe,
Some one of the questions of our disputations:
For I will heere you with hartes delectation:
Because I would gladly to your doctrine consent,
If that I could so my conscience contente.
But my Conscience crieth out, and bids me take heede
To loue my lord God aboue all earthly weale,
Wherby all this while, I stande in great dread,
That if I should Gods statutes disdaine,
In wretched state then, I should remaine:
Thus cryeth my Conscience, to mée continually,
which if you can say, I will yelde to you gladly.

Cardinall.

I can say nomore, then I haue done already,
Thou heardest that I called the heretick and fole:
If thou wilt not consent to me, and that spredily:
With a new maister, thou shalt goe to hole,

Hypocrisie.

Thou hast no more wit, I see then this fole,
Farre vnfit to dispute, or reason with my lorde,
He can subdue thee, with fire & sword, quight vpone word

Tyranny.

Come, follow apace, sensuall Suggestion,
Or els I will leaue you to come all alone.

Suggestion.

You go in hast, you make supposition,
Nay, if you runne so fast I will none:
This little iournay, will make me to groane:
I vse not to trouble my selfe in this wise,
And now to beginne, I do not aduise:

Tiranny.

Haue not I plyed mée, which am come againe so soone,
And yet haue finished such sundry businesse:
I haue caused many pretie toyes to be done:
So that now I haue ech thing in readinesse.

Cardinall.

What maister Zeale, you are worthy doubtlesse,

Art thou prepared this gentleman to receiue?
He will roſte a Fagot, or els he me deceiue.

Tyranny.

In ſimple manner I will him entertaine,
Yet muſt he take it all in good parte:
And though his diet be ſmall, he may not diſdaine,
Nor yet contemne the kindenes of my heart,
For though I lacke inſtruments, to put him to ſmart,
Yet ſhall he abide in a helliſh blacke dungeon:
As for blocks, ſtocks & irons, I warrant him want none.

Hypocriſie.

Well, farewel Philologus, you heare of your lodging,
I would yet do you good, if that I wiſt howe.

Cardinall.

Let him go Hypocriſie, ſtand not all day dodging,
You haue don to much for him, I make God aboue.

Hypocriſie.

Staye, for Suggeſtion doth come yonder nowe,
Come on laſy Lubber, you make but ſmall haſte,
Had you ſtaied awhile lõger, your cõming had ben waſte.

Suggeſtion.

You know of my ſelfe, I am not very quicke,
Becauſe that my body I do ſo much tender,
For Senſuall Suggeſtion, will quickely be ſicke
If that his owne eaſe he ſhould not remember:
Thus one cauſe of my tariaunce to you I do render,
Another I had, as I came by the waye:
Which did me the longer from your company ſtaye.

Hypocriſie.

What was that Suggeſtion, I praye thee to vs vtter,
For I am with child, till that I do it heare.

Suggeſtion.

A certaine gentlewoman, did murmur, and mutter,
And for greefe of minde, her hayre ſhe did teare:
Shee will at laſt kill her ſelfe, I greatly do feare.

Hypocriſie.

What is the cauſe why this griefe ſhe did take?

Suggeſtion.

Suggeſtion.

Becauſe her Huſband her company did forſake:
Her children alſo about her did ſtand,
Sobbing, and ſighing, and made lamentation:
Knocking their breſtes, and wringing their hand:
Saying, they are brought to vtter deſolation,
By the meanes of their fathers wilfull protеſtation,
Whoſe goodes they ſaye, are already confiſcate,
Becauſe he doth the Popes lawes violate,
And indeed I ſawe Auarice ſtanding at the dore,
And a company of Ruffians aſſiſting him there.

Philologus.

Alas alas, this pincheth my heart full ſore,
Myne euills he doth declare, myne owne wo, I do heare,
Wherefore from teares, I cannot forbeare.

Hypocriſie.

Ha ha, doth this touch you, Maiſter Philologus,
You neede not haue had it, being ruled by vs.

Suggeſtion.

Why: what is he, thus, Maiſter Hypocriſie,
That taketh ſuch ſorrow at the wordes which I ſpake.

Hypocriſie.

One that is taken, and conuinced of Hereſie,
And I feare me much, will burne at a ſtake,
Yet to reclayme him, much paynes would I take,
And haue don already, howbeit in vayne,
I would craue thine aſſiſtance, were it not to thy payne,

Suggeſtion.

I will do the beſt herein that I can,
Yet go thou with me, to helpe at a neede,
With all my heart, God ſaue you, good gentleman,
To ſee your great ſorrow, my heart doeth welnigh bleede:
But what is the cauſe of your trouble and dreade:
Diſdaine not to me your ſecrets to tell:
A wiſe man ſometime, of a fool may take counſell.

Philologus.

Myne eſtate (alas) is now moſt lamentable,

For I am but deade, which euer ſide I take,
Neither to determine herein am I able,
With good aduice mine election to make:
The worſe to refuſe, and the beſt for to take,
My Spirit counſites theone, but alas ſince your preſence,
My fleſh leades my ſpirit therfroe by violence.
For at this time, I being in great extremitie,
Either my Lord God in hart to reiect,
Or els to be oppreſſed by the Legates authoritie:
And in this world to be counted an abiect:
My Landes, wife and Children alſo to neglect:
This later part to take, my Spirit is in readineſſe,
But my Fleſh doth ſubdue, my Spirit doubtleſſe.

Suggeſtion.

Your eſtate perhaps, ſeemeth to you dangerous,
The rather becauſe you haue not bene vſed:
To incurre before time, ſuch troubles perilous:
But to your power ſuch euils haue refuſed,
Howbeit of two euils, the leaſt muſt be choſed:
Now which is the leaſt euill, yee will ſhortly determine,
That which part to take, your ſelfe may determine.
On ỹ right hand you ſay, you ſee gods iuſt iudgment,
His wrath and diſpleaſure, on your for to fall,
And in ſtede of the ioyes of Heauen, euer permanent,
You ſee for your ſtipend, the tormentes infernall:

Philologus.

That is it indede, which I feare moſt of all:
For Chriſt ſaid, feare not them, which the body can ãnoy,
But feare him, which the body and ſoule can deſtroy:

Suggeſtion.

Well, let that ley aſide, awhile as it is,
And on the otherſide make the like inquiſition,
If on the left ſide you fall, then ſhall you not miſſe,
But to bring your body, to vtter perdition:
For at mans hand, you know there is no remiſſion:
Beſide your Children fatherleſſe, your wife deſolate,
Your goodes and poſſeſſions, to other men confiſcate.

Phi-

Philologus.

Saint Paul to the Romaines, hath this worthy sentence:
I accompt the afflictions of this world transitorie,
Be they neuer so many, in full equiualence:
Cannot counteruaile those, heauenly glorie:
Which we shal haue through Christ his propitiatorie:
I also accompt the rebukes of our Sauiour,
Greater gaines to mine, then this house full of treasure.

Suggestion.

You haue spoken reasonably, but yet as they say,
One Birde in the hande, is worth two in the bush,
So you now inioying, these worldly toyes may,
Esteeme the other, as light as a rush:
Thus may you scape this perrilous pushe:

Philologus.

Yea, but my saluation to mée is most certaine,
Neither doubt I, that I shall suffer this in vaine.

Suggestion.

Is your death meritorious, then in Gods sight:
That you are so sure, to attaine to saluation,

Philologus.

I do not think so, but my faith is full pight:
In the mercies of God, by Christs mediation:
By whom I am sure of my preseruation.

Suggestion.

Then to the faithfull, no hurt can accrew,
But what so he worketh, good end shall insue.

Philologus.

Our Sauiour Christ, did say to the tempter,
When he did perswade him, from the Pinacle to fall,
And saide, he might safely, that danger aduenture:
Because that Gods Angels, from hurt him saue shall:
Sée that thy Lord God, thou tempt not at all:
So I, though perswaded, of my sinnes frée remission,
May not commit sin, vpon this presumption,

Cardinall.

What haue you not yet done, your folysh tattelings?

With that frowarde heretick, I will then away,
If you will take to heare all his prattelyng:
He would ſurely kéepe you moſt part of the day:
It is now high dinner time my ſtomack doth ſay:
And I will not loſe one meale of my diet,
Though thereon did hang an hundred mens quiet.

Suggeſtion.

By your Lordſhips pacience, one word with him more,
And then if he will not, I geue him to Tyrrany.

Hypocriſie.

I neuer ſaw my Lord ſo pacient before,
To ſuffe one to ſpeake for himſelfe ſo quietly,
But you were not beſt to truſt to his curteſie:
It is euill waking of a Dog that doth ſléepe,
While you haue his friendſhip, you were beſt it to kéepe.

Cardinall.

I promiſe thée Philologus, by my bowed chaſtitie,
If thou wilt be ruled by thy friendes that be héere,
Thou ſhalt abound in wealth and proſperitie:
And in the Countrie chiefe rule thou ſhalt beare,
And a hundred pounds more thou ſhalt haue in the yéere:
If thou will this curteſie refuſe,
Thou ſhalt die incontinent, the one of theſe chuſe.

Suggeſtion.

Well ſith it is no time, for vs to debate,
In former maner what is in my minde:
I will at once to thée ſtraight demonſtrate,
Thoſe worldly ioyes, which héere thou ſhalt finde:
And for becauſe thou art partly blinde,
In this reſpect looke through this mirrour,
And thou ſhalt behold an vnſpeakeable pleaſure.

Philologus.

Oh péereleſſe pleaſures, oh ioyes vnſpeakable,
Oh worldly wealth, oh pallaces gorgious,
Oh faire Children, oh wife moſt amyable:
Oh pleaſant paſtime, oh pompe ſo glorious,
Oh delicate diet, oh lyfe laſciuious:

Oh dolourous death which would mée betray,
And my felycitie from mée take away,
I am fully resolued without further demeanour,
In these delightes to take my whole solace,
And what paine so euer hereby I incurre:
Whether heauen or hell, whether Gods wrath or grace,
This glasse of delight I will euer imbrace:
But one thing most chiefly doth trouble mée heere,
My Neighbors vnconstant will compt mée I feare.

Hypocrisie.

He that will seeke eche man to content.
Shall prooue him selfe at last most vnwise,
Your selfe to saue harmlesse think it sufficient:
And waigh not the peoples clamorous outcries,
Yet there mouthes to stop I can soone deuise:
Say that the reading of the workes of S. Helsloue,
And doctor Ambition did your errours remoue.
And harke in myne eare delay no more time,
The soner the better in ende you will say,
We haue now caught him as Birde in line.

Tyranny.

Come on sirs haue yée done, I would faine away.

Hypocrisie.

Goe euen when you will, we do you not staie,
Philologus hath drunk such a draught of Hypocrisie,
That he minds not to die yet, he wil master this malady.

Cardinall.

Come on master Philologus, are you growne to a stay
I am glad to heare that you become tractable.

Philologus.

If it please your Lordship, I say euen what you say
And confesse your relygion, to be most allowable,
Neither will I gainsay your customes laudable:
My former follyes I vtterly renounce,
That my selfe was an Heretick I do heere pronounce.

Cardinall.

Nay Maſter Philologus, goe with mée to my Pallace
And I ſhall ſet downe the forme of recantation,
Which you ſhall reade on Sonday next, in open place:
This done, you ſhall ſatiſfie our expectation,
And ſhall be ſet free, from all moleſtation:
Into the boſome of the Church, we will you take,
And ſome high officer, therein will you make.

Philologus.

I muſt firſt requeſt your Lordſhips fauour,
That I may goe home, my wife for to ſée,
And I will attend on you, within this howre.

Cardinall.

Nay I may not ſuffer, you alone to goe free,
Unleſſe one of theſe, your ſuretie wil bée:

Suggeſtion.

I ſenſuall Suggeſtion, for him will vndertake,

Cardinall.

Verie well take him to you, your priſoner I him make.
Come you maiſter Hypocriſie, and beare mée company.
For els I am ſure no meate I ſhould eate,
And goe before Zeale, to ſée erie thing ready:
That when we once come, we ſtay not for meate:

Hypocriſie.

With ſmall ſute hereto, you ſhall mée intreate.

Cardinall. Exit Tyr.

Farewell Philologus, and make ſmall delay,
Perhaps of our dinners, for you I will ſtaie, Exit

Suggeſtion. Car. & Hyp

Had not you bene a wiſe man, your ſelfe to haue loſt,
And brought your whole family to wretched eſtate,
Where now of your bleſſednes, your ſelfe you may boſt:
And of all the countrie, accompt your ſelfe fortunate.

Philologus.

Such was the wit of my foolish pate,
But what doe we ſtay, ſo long in this place,
I ſhall not be well, whilſt I am with my Lordes grace.

Actus

Acte fourth. Sceane 4.

SPIRIT. PHILO. SVGGES.

PHilologus, Philologus, Philologus, I ſay,
In time take heede, goe not to farre, loke well thy ſteps vnto,
Leſt not Suggeſtion of thy fleſh, thy Conſcience thee betray,
Who doth conduct thee in the path, that leadeth to all woe:
Waigh well this warning giuen from God, before thou further goe:
And ſell not euerlaſting ioyes, for pleaſures tempo᷑rall,
From which thou ſone ſhalt goe, or they from thee bereaued ſhall.

Philologus.

Alas, what voice is this I heere, ſo dolefully to ſounde,
Into mine eares, and warneth mee, in time yet to beware,
Why haue not I the pleaſant path, of wo᷑rldly pleaſures founde,
To walk therein for my delight, no man ſhall me debarre.

Suggeſtion.

Loke in this Glaſſe Philologus, for nought els do thou care,
What doſt thou ſee within the ſame? is not the Coaſt all cleare?

Philologus.

Naught els but pleaſure, pompe, and wealth, heerein to mee appeare.

Suggeſtion.

Giue mee thy hande, I will be guide, and leade thee in the way,
What doſt thou thynk Philologus? where I dare goe before?

Spirit.

Yea, thynke ſo ſtill Philologus, no time turne back I ſay,
In ſenſuall Suggeſtions ſteppes, ſee that thou tread no more:
And though the frailtie of the fleſh, hath made the fall full ſore:
And to denye with outward lyps, thy Lo᷑rd and God moſt deare,
The ſame to ſtabliſh with conſent, of Conſcience, ſtand in feare:
Thou art yet free Philologus, all to᷑rments thou maiſt ſcape,
Onely the pleaſures of the wo᷑rld, thou ſhalt awhile fo᷑rbeare,
Renounce thy crime, and ſue for grace, and do not captiuate
Thy Conſcience vnto mo᷑rtall ſinne, the yoke of Chriſt do beare,
Shut vp theſe wo᷑rdes within thy breſt, which ſound ſo in thine eare:
The outwarde man hath cauſed thee, this enterpriſe to take,

Beware leaſt wickedneſſe of ſpirit, the ſame do perfect make.

Philologus.

My hart doth tremble for diſtres, my conſcience pricks mée ſore
And bid mee ceaſe that courſe in time, which I would gladly runne
The wrath of God it doth mée tell, doth ſtand my face before:
Wherfore, I hold it beſt to ceaſe that race I haue begun.

Suggeſtion.

Theſe are but fancies certainly, for this way thou ſhalt ſhun
All worldly woes: looke in thy Glaſſe and tell me what it ſhow,
Thou wilt not credit other men, before thy ſelfe I trow.

Philologus.

Oh gladſome Glaſſe, oh mirrour bright, oh criſtall cleare as ſun
The ioyes cannot be vttered, which herein I beholde,
Wherefore I will not thee forſake: what euill ſo euer come.

Spirit.

If needes thou wilt thy ſelfe vndo, ſay not, but thou arte tolde:

Philologus.

Yap, what hap wyll, I will not loſe theſe pleaſures manyfolde
Wherfore conduct mée once againe, héere take mée by the hande.

Suggeſtion.

That ſenſuall Suggeſtion doth leade him vnderſtand.

Acte fourth. Sceane .ç.

CONSCI. PHILO. SVGGES.

ALas alas, thou wofull wight, what furie doth thée moue?
So willingly to caſt thy ſelfe into conſumyng fyre,
What Circes hath bewitched thée, thy worldly wealth to loue
More then the bleſſed ſtate of Soule, this one thing I deſyre:
Waigh wel the cauſe with ſincere hart, thy Cõſcience thée require
And ſell not euerlaſting ioyes, for pleaſures temporall,
Reſiſt Suggeſtion of the fleſh, who ſeekes thée for to ſpoile:
From which thou ſone ſhalt goe, or they from thee bereaued ſhall:
And take from thée which God elect, true euerlaſting ſoyle.

Sée

Sée where confuſion doth attend, to catch thée in his ſnare,
Whoſe handes, if that thou goeſt on ſtill, thou ſhalt no way eſchew

Philologus.

What wight art thou? which for my health, doſt take ſuch ear-
neſt care?

Conſcience.

Thy craſed Conſcience, which forſée, the plagues & torments due,
Which from iuſt Iudge, whom thou denyeſt ſhal by and by inſue:

Suggeſtion.

Thou haſt good triall of the faith, which I to thée do beare,
Commit thy ſafetie to my charge, there is no daunger nére.

Conſcience.

Such is the blindneſſe of the fleſh, that it may not deſcrie,
Or ſée the perils which the Soule, is ready to incurre:
And much the leſſe, our owne eſtates, we can our ſelues eſpie:
Becauſe Suggeſtion in our hartes, ſuch fancies often ſtirre:
Wherby to worldly vanities, we cleaue as faſt as burre:
Eſtéeming them with heauenly ioyes, in goodneſſe comparable,
Yet be they moſtly very prickes, to ſinne abhominable.
For proofe we néede no further goe, then to this preſent man,
Who by the bleſſing of the Lorde, of riches hauing ſtore,
When with his hart to fancy them, this worldyng once began:
And had this Glaſſe of vanyties eſpied, his eyes before,
He God forſooke, whereas he ought haue loued him the more:
And chooſeth rather with his goodes, to be throwne downe to hell,
Then by refuſing of the ſame, with God in heauen to dwell.

Suggeſtion.

Nay harke Philologus, how thy conſcience can teache,
And would deteyne thée with gloſinges vntrue:
But heareſt thou Conſcience, thou maieſt long inough preache,
Eare wordes, from whence reaſon or trueth none enſue,
Shall make Philologus to bid mée adue.
What ſhall there no rich man dwell in Gods kingdome?
where is then Abraham, Iob, and Dauid become?

Conſcience.

I ſpeake not largelye of all them, which haue this worldly wealth,
For why, I know that riches are the creatures of the Lorde:

Which of themſelues, are good ech one, as Salamon vs telleth,
And are appoynted to do good withall, by Gods owne word,
But when they let vs from the Lord, then ought they be abhord:
Which cauſed Chriſt himſelfe to ſay, that with much leſſer payne,
Should Camel paſſe through nedles eye, thē rich men Heauē obtayn,
Hereby Rich men, Chriſt did not mean, ech one which welth enioy
But thoſe which faſtned haue their loue vpon this worldly duſt,
Wherefore another cryes, and ſayth, oh death, how great anoye
Doeſt thou procure vnto that man, which in his goodes doth truſt:
That thou doeſt this Philologus, thou nedes acknowledge muſt,
Whereby ech one may eaſly ſee, thou takeſt more delight,
In Mundian ioyes, then thou eſteemeſt to be with Angels bright.

Philologus.

This toucheth ỹ quicke, I feele ỹ wound, which if thou canſt not cure,
As maimed in limmes I muſt retyre, I can no further go.

Suggeſtion.

This is the greef which Conſcience takes againſt thee I am ſure,
Becauſe thou vſeſt thoſe delights, which Conſcience may not do,
And therefore he perſwadeth thee, to leaue the ſame alſo:
As did the Fore, which caught in ſnare, and ſcapt with loſſe of tayle,
To cut off theirs, as burthenous, did all the reſt counſayll.

Conſcience.

In deede I cannot vſe, thoſe fond and folliſh vanities
In which the outward part of man doth take ſo great delight,
No, neither would I, though to me were geuen that liberty,
But rather would conſume them all to nought, if that I might,
For if I ſhould delight therein, it were as good a ſyght,
As if a man of perfect age, ſhould ride vpon a ſticke:
Or playe with compters in the ſtreet, which paſtime children lyke,
But all my ioyes in Heauen remaynes, wheras I long to be,
And ſo wouldeſt thou, if that on Chriſt thy fayth full faſtned were,
For that affection, was in Paull the apoſtle, we may ſee,
The firſt to the Philippians doth witnes herein beare,
His words be theſe: oh would to God diſſolued that I were,
And were with Chriſt, another place his mynde in thoſe words tell,
We are but ſtraungers all from God, while in this world we dwell:

Now

Now marke, how far from his requeſt, diſſenting is thy mynde,
Ye wilht for death, but more then hell, thou doeſt the ſame deteſt.

Suggeſtion.

The cauſe why Paul did loth his lyfe, may eaſely be aſſignde:
Becauſe the Iewes in euerie place, did ſeeke him to moleſt,
But thoſe which in this world, obtaine ſecuritie and reſt:
Do take delight to liue therein, yea nature doth indue,
Eth lyuing creature with a feare, leaſt death ſhould them accrue.
Yea the ſame Paul at Antioche, diſſembled to be dead,
while they were gone who ſought his lyfe, with ſtones for to deſtroy
Elias for to ſaue his lyfe, to Horeb likwiſe fled,
So did king Dauid flee, when Saul did ſeeke him to annoy:
Yea Chriſt himſelfe, whom in our deedes, to follow we may ioy,
Did ſecreatly conuaigh himſelfe, from Iewes ſo full of hate.
when they thought from the top of hil, him to precipitate.
Wherefore, it is no ſinne at all, a man for to defende,
And keepe himſelfe from death, ſo long as nature giues hym leaue.

Conſcience.

The ſame whom you recited haue, conceiued a further end:
Then to them ſelues to liue alone, as eth man may perceiue,
For when that Paul had run his courſe, he did at laſt receiue:
with hartes conſent, the final death, which was him put vnto,
So when Chriſt had perfourmed his worke, he did death vndergoe:
And would to god, thou wouldeſt do ỹ, which theſe men were conteſt,
For they diſpiſed worldly pomp, their fleſh they did ſubdue,
And brought it vnder, that to ſpirit, it moſtly did conſent:
whereby they ſeeking God to pleaſe, did bid the world adue:
Wife, Children, and poſſeſſions forſaking, for they knew
That euerlaſting treaſures were, appointed them at laſt,
The which they thirſting, did from them, al worldly pleaſures caſt.
But thou O wretch doeſt life prolong, not that thou wouldſt gods (name
As dutie binds vs all to do, moſt chiefly glorifie,
But rather by thy liuing ſtill, wilt Gods renowne defame,
And more and more diſhonor him, this is thy drift I ſpy.

Philologus.

I meane to liue in worldly ioyes, I can it not denye.

Con-

Conſcience.

What are thoſe ioyes, which thou doſt meane, but pleaſures ſtraing
By vſing of the which, thou ſhalt prouoke his heauy rod: (frō god:

Suggeſtion.

Tuſh knoweſt thou what Philologus, be wiſe thy ſelfe vnto,
And liſten not to theſe fond wordes which Conſcience to thée tell,
For thy defence I wyll alleadge one worthy leſſon moe:
Unto the which I am right ſure, he cannot anſwere well:
When Dauid by vaine truſt in men of warre, from God ſore fell,
And was appointed of thrée plagues, the eaſieſt for to chuſe,
He ſaide Gods mercy eaſier is to get, then mans as I ſuppoſe.
Againe he ſayeth among the Pſalmes, it better is to truſt
In God, then that our confidence we ſetle ſhould in man,
Wherfore, to this which I now ſay of force conſent thou muſt:
That when two euils before vs plaſte, no way auoide we can:
Into the hand of God to fal by choyce is lawfull than,
Becauſe that God is mercyfull, when man no mercy ſhow,
Thus haue I pleaded in this cauſe, ſufficiently I trow.

Conſcience.

How can you ſay, you truſt in God, when as you him forſake,
And of the wicked Mammon hære, do make your fained frende,
No, no, theſe wordes which you recite againſt you moſtly make:
For thus he thinks in his deſtreſſe, God cannot mée defende,
And therfore by Suggeſtion fraile, to mans helpe he hath leande.
Marke who ſay trueth of him or mée, and do him beſt beléeue.

Philologus.

I lyke thy wordes, but that to loſe theſe ioyes it woulde mée gréeue.

Conſcience.

And where Suggeſtion, telleth thée, that God in mercies flow,
Yet is he iuſt ſinnes to correct, and true in that he ſpeake,
Wherfore he ſayeth, who ſo my name, before men ſhall not know,
I ſhall not know him, when as Iudge I ſhall ſit in my ſeate.
This if you call to minde, it wil your proude preſumption breake,
Againe he ſayeth, who ſo his lyfe or goodes, will ſeeke to ſaue,
Shal loſe them all: but who for Chriſt wil loſe them, gaine ſhall (haue

Suggeſtion.

What did not Peter Chriſt deny, yet mercy did obtaine.

where

Where if he had not, of the Iewes, he ſhould haue taſted death:

Philologus.

Euen ſo ſhall I in tract of time, with bitter teares complaine.

Suggeſtion.

Yea time inough, though thou deſerſt, vntill thy lateſt breath.

Conſcience.

So ſaieth Suggeſtion vnto thee, but Conſcience it denyeth,
And in the ende what ſo I ſay, for trueth thou ſhalt eſpye,
And that moſt falſe, which Conſcience ſhal in ſecreat hart deny.

Philologus.

Ah wretched man, what ſhall I do? which do ſo plainly ſee,
My fleſh and Spirit to contende, and that in no ſmall thing,
But as concernyng the euent, of extreame miſerie:
Which either ſtudie to auoyde, or els vpon me bring,
And which of them I ſhould beſt truſt, it is a doubtfull thing.
My Conſcience ſpeaketh truth me think, but yet becauſe I feare,
By his aduice to ſuffer death, I do his wordes forbeare.
And therfore pacify thy ſelfe, and do not ſo torment,
Thy ſelfe, in vaine I muſt ſeeke ſome meanes for to eſchew,
Theſe griping greefes, which vnto me, I ſee now imminent.
And therfore will no longer ſtay, but bid thee now adue.

Conſcience.

Oh ſtay I ſay Philologus, or els thou wilt it rue.

Philologus.

It is loſt labour that thou doeſt, I will be at a point,
And to inioye theſe worldly ioyes, I ieoparde will a iont. Exit Phil. & Sug.

Conſcience.

Oh curſed creature, O fraile fleſh, O meat for wormes, O duſt,
O blather puffed full of winde, O vainer then theſe all,
What cauſe haſt thou in thine owne wit? to haue ſo great a truſt:
Which of thy ſelfe canſt not eſpie, the euils which on thee fall,
The blindneſſe of the outward man, Philologus ſhew ſhall
At his returne, vnleſſe I can at laſt, make him relent,
For why the Lord him to correct, in furious wrath is bent.

Exit Conſcientia.

But now, not onely that you had forbeare all these
Such offices, whereby more gaines you yeare by yeare shall haue:

Philologus.

I was at point, once very neare, to haue bene quite forlorne,
Had not Suggestion of the flesh, from folly me reclaymed,
And set this Glasse of worldly ioyes, my sight and eyes before me:
The sight whereof did cause all things, of mee to be disdained,
I thought I had felicitie, when I had obtained so,
And to say truth, I do not care, what to my soule betide,
So long as this prosperitie, and wealth by me abide.
Although I be sometimes vrgde again, some paines there to make,
My whole delight in sport and games, of pleasure I repose.

Horror.

Nay stay thy iournay here awhile, I do thee prisoner take,
I shall abate the pleasures sore, yea, to some thou art to happie.

Philologus.

What is the name, whence commest thou? wherfore to me ducklest:

Horror.

My name is called Confusion and horror of the mynde,
And to correct impenitents, of God I am assignde.
And for because thou dost dispise, Gods mercy and his grace,
And wouldst no admonition take, by them that did thee warne,
Neither when Conscience counsailed thee, thou wouldst his wordes
who gladly wouldst haue had thee vnto god, obedience true to learne, embrace
Nor couldst betweene Suggestions craft, & Conscience truth discerne
Beholde therfore, thou shalt of mee another lesson heare,
Which wil thou, nil thou, w torment of Conscience, thou shalt beare
And where thou hast artyculed, the holy Spirit of God,
And made him wery with thy sinnes, which dayly thou hast done,
He will no longer in thy soule, and spirit make abode:
But with the Graces, which he gaue to thee now is he gone,
So that to Godwarde, by Christes death, reioycing thou hast none,
The peace of Conscience faded is, in stead whereof, I bring
The Spirit of Sathan, blasphemy, confusion and cursing.
The Glasse likewise of vanyties, which is thine dayly ioy

I will tranſforme into the Glaſſe of deadly deſperation,
By loking in the whych, thou ſhalt conceiue a great annoy:
Thus haue I caught thée in thy pryde, and brought thée to damnatiõ:
So that thou art a patterne true, of Gods iuſt indignation:
Whereby eche man may warned be, the like ſinnes to eſchew,
Leaſt the ſame torments they incurre, which in thée they ſhall view.

Philologus.

O painfull paine of deepe diſdaine, oh griping greefe of hell,
Oh horror huge, oh ſoule ſuppreſſe, and ſtaine with deſperation,
Oh heape of ſinnes, the ſum wherof, no man can number well:
Oh death, oh furious flames of hell, my iuſt recompenſation,
Oh wretched wight, oh creature curſt, oh childe of condemnation,
Oh angrie God, and mercileſſe, moſt fearefull to beholde,
Oh Chriſt thou art no Lambe to mée, but Lion fearce and bouldo.

Giſbertus.

Alas deare Father, what doth moue and cauſe you to lament?

Philologus.

My ſinnes (alas) which in this Glaſſe, appeare innumerable,
For which I ſhall no pardon get, for God is fully bent:
In furie for to punish me, with paines intollerable;
Neither to call to him for grace, or pardon am I able,
My ſinne is vnto death, I féele Chriſtes death doth me no good,
Neither for my behoofe, did Chriſt ſhed his moſt precious bloud.

Paphinitius.

Alas deare Father (alas I ſay) what ſodaine chaunge is this?

Philologus.

I am condemned into hell, theſe torments to ſuſtaine.

Gisbertus.

Oh ſay not ſo my Father deare, Gods mercy mighty is,

Philologus.

The ſentence of the righteous Iudge, cannot be cald againe,
Who hath already iudged mée, to euerlaſting payne:
Oh that my bodie buried were, that it at reſt might bée,
Though ſoule were put in Iudas place, or Caines extremitie.

Gisbertus.

Oh Brother haſt you to the Towne, and fet Theologus,
What ſodaine plague and punishment, my Father hath befell,

Paphi-

Paphinitius.

I run in haſt, and will requeſt him for to come with vs.

Gisbertus.

Oh Father, reſt your ſelfe in God, and all thing ſhalbe well.

Philologus.

Ah dredfull name, which when I heere, to ſigh it mée compell:
God is againſt mée I perceiue, he is none of my God,
Vnleſſe in this, that he will beat, and plague me with his rod.
And though his mercy doth ſurpaſſe, the ſinnes of all the worlde,
Yet ſhall it not once profit me, or pardon mine offence,
I am refuſed vtterly, I quite from God am whorld:
My name within the Booke of lyfe, had neuer reſidence,
Chriſt prayed not, Chriſt ſuffered not, my ſinnes to recompence:
But only for the Lordes elect, of which ſort I am none,
I ſéele his iuſtice towardes mé, his mercy all is gone:
And to be ſhort, within ſhort ſpace, my finall end ſhall bée,
Then ſhall my ſoule incurre the paines, of vtter deſolation,
And I ſhall be a preſident, moſt horrible to ſée:
To Gods elect, that they may ſée, the price of abiuration.

Gisbertus.

To heere my Fathers dolefull plaints, it bringeth perturbation,
Vnto my ſoule, but yonder comes, that good Theologus:
Oh welcome ſir, and welcome you good maiſter Euſebius.

Actꝰ. fyfth. Sceane. 2.

THEO. PHI. EVSE. GIS. PAPHI.

GOd ſaue you good Philologus, how do you by Gods grace,

Philologus.

You welcome are, but I (alas) vile wretch, am heere euill found

Euſebius.

What is the cheefeſt cauſe (tell vs) of this your dolorus caſe?

Philologus.

Oh would my ſoule were ſunke in hell, ſo body were in grounde
That angrie God, now hath his will, who ſought mée to confounde.

Theologus.

Oh say not so Philologus, for God is gracious,
And to forgiue the penitent, his mercy is plentious.
Do you not know that all the earth with mercy doth abound,
And though the sinnes of all the world vppon one man were layde,
If he one only sparke of grace or mercy once had found,
His wickednes could not him harme: wherefore be not dismayde,
Christes death alone for all your sinnes, a perfect satisfame payde:
God doth not couet sinners death, but rather that he may
By liuing still, bewaill his sinnes, and so them put awaye.
Consider Peeter who three tymes his Maister did denye;
Yea, with an oath, and that although Christ did him warning giue,
Wich whome before tyme he had lyued so long familiarly,
Of whome so many benefits of loue he did receiue,
Yet when once Peeter his owne fault did at the last perceiue,
And did bewaile his former cryme, with sad and bitter teares,
Christ by and by did pardon him, the Gospell witnes beares.
The theefe lykewise, and murtherer, which neuer had don good,
But had in mischefe spent his dayes, yea, euen all his tyme
With latest breth when he his sinnes and wickednes withstoode,
And with iniquityes of flesh, his spirit was at strife,
Through that one motion of his heart, and power of true beliefe,
He was receiued into grace, and all his sinnes defaced,
Christ saying, sone in Paradice with me thou shalt be placed.
The hand of God is not abridged, but still he is of myght,
To pardon them that call to him vnfainedly for grace,
Againe, it is Gods propertye, to pardon sinners quight:
Pray therefore with thy heart to God, here in this open place,
And from the very roote of heart bewaile to him thy fale:
And I assure thee, God will, on thee his mercy throw,
Through Jesus Christ, who is with him our aduocate you knowe.

Philologus.

I haue no fayth, the wordes you speake my hart doth not beleeue,
I muste confesse that I for sinne, am iustly throwne to hell.

Eusebius.

His monstrous incredulitye, the very heart doth grieue.
Ah dere Philologus, I haue knowne by fate and vsage well,

A forte

A ſort of men, which haue bene vext, with Diuels and ſpirits fell,
In farre worſe ſtate then you are yet, brought into deſperation,
Yet in the ende haue bene reclaimde, by godly exhortation.
Such are the mercies of the Lorde, he will throw downe to hell:
And yet call backe againe from thence, as holy Dauid wrightes.
What: ſhould then let your truſt in God: I pray you to vs tel,
Sith to forgiue, and do vs good, it chiefely him delightes.
What would not you, that of your ſins, he ſhould you cleane acquite:
How can he once denie to you, one thing you do requeſt:
Which hath already geuen to you, his beſt beloued Chriſt.
Lift vp your hart in hope therefore, awhile be of good cheare,
And make acceſſe, vnto his ſeate of grace, by earneſt prayer,
And God will ſurely you releeue with grace, ſtand not in feare:

Philologus.

I do beleeue, that out from God, proceede theſe comfortes faire,
So do the Diuels, yet of their health, they alway doe diſpaire.
They are not written vnto me, for I woulde faine attaine,
The mercy, and the loue of God, but he doth me diſdaine,
How would you haue that man to liue, which hath no mouth to eate
No more can I liue in my ſoule, which haue no faith at all:
And where you ſay, that Peter did, of Chriſt ſone pardon get,
Who in the ſelfe ſame ſinne, with me, from God did greatly fall,
Why: I cannot, obtaine the ſame, to you I open ſhall:
God had reſpect to him alwaies, and did me firmly loue,
But I alas, am reprobate, God doth my ſoule reproue.
Moreouer, I will ſay with tongue, what ſo you will require,
My harte I feele with blaſpheme, and curſing is repleate,

Theologus.

Then pray with vs, as Chriſt vs taught, we do you all deſire.

Philologus.

To pray with lips, vnto your God, you ſhall me ſone intreate,
My ſpirit, to Sathan is in thrall, I can it not thence get:

Euſebius.

God ſhall renue your ſpirit againe, pray onely as you can,
And to all it you in the ſame, we pray eche Chriſtian man.

Philologus.

O God which dwellſt in the Heauens, and art our father deare:

Thy

Thy holy name throwghout the world be ener ſainctified,
The kingdome of thy word and ſpirit, vppon vs rule might beare,
Thy will in earth, as by thy ſaincts in heauen be ratified,
Our dayly bread, we thee beſeech, O Lord for vs prouide,
Our ſinnes remit (Lord vnto vs) as we ech man forgiue,
Let not tentation vs aſſayle, in all euill vs releeue. Amen.

Theologus.

The Lord be prayſed, who hath at length thy ſpirit mollified,
Theſe are not tokens vnto vs of your reprobation,
You mourne with teares, and ſue for grace, wherfore be certified,
That God in mercy giueth eare, vnto your ſupplication,
Wherfore diſpayre not thou at all of thy ſoules preſeruation,
And ſay not with a deſperat heart, that God againſt thee is,
He will no doubt, theſe paynes once paſt receiue you into bliſſe.

Philologus.

No, no, my friends, you only beare and ſée the outward part,
Which though you thinke they haue don wel, it boteth not at all,
My lyppes haue ſpoke the wordes in deede, but yet I féele my heart,
With curſing is replenished, with rancor, ſpight, and gall,
Neither do I your Lord and God, in hart my father call,
But rather ſeeke his holy name for to blaſpheame and curſſe,
My ſtate therfore doth not amend, but ware ſtill worſe and worſe,
I am ſecluded cleane from grace, my heart is hardened quight,
Wherefore you do your labour loſe, and ſpend your breth in vayne.

Euſebius.

Oh ſay not ſo Philologus, but let your heart be pight,
Vppon the mercyes of the Lord, and I you aſſertayne,
Remiſſion of your former ſinnes, you ſhall at laſt obtayne:
God hath it ſayde (who cannot lye) at whatſoeuer time
A ſinner ſhall from heart repent, I will remitt his cryme.

Philologus.

You cannot ſay ſo much to me, as herein I do knowe,
That by the mercyes of the Lord, all ſinnes are don awaye,
And vnto them that haue true fayth, abundantly it flowe,
But whence do this true fayth proceede to vs, I do you pray,
It is the only gift of God, from him it comes alwaye,
I would therefore he would vouchſafe, one ſparke of fayth to plant,

Within

within my breast, then of his grace, I know I should not want.
But it as easely may be done, as you may with one spoone,
At once take vp the water cleane, which in the seas abide:
And at one draught, then drink it vp, this shall ye doe as soone,
As to my brest of true beleefe, one sparkle shall betide:
Tush, you which are in prosperous state, & my paines haue not tried
Doe think it but an easy thing, a sinner to repent
Him of his sinnes, and by true faith, damnation to preuent.
The healthfull néede not Phisicks art, and ye which are all haile,
Can giue god counsell to the sick, their sicknesse to eschew:
But here alas, confusion, and hell, doth mée assaile,
And that all grace, from me is reft, I finde it to be true.
My hart is stéele, so that no faith, can from the same insue.
I can conceiue no hope at all, of pardon or of grace,
But out alas, Confusion is alway before my face.
And certainly, euen at his time, I do most playnly sée,
The deuils to be about me rounde, which make great preparation,
And keepe a stirre, here in this place, which only is for mee.
Neither doe I conceiue, these thinges, by vaine imagination,
But euen as truly, as mine eyes, beholde your shape and fashion.
Wherefore, desired Death dispatch, my body bring to rest,
Though that my soule, in furious flames of fire, be suppressed.

Theologus.

Your minde corrupted doth present, to you, this false illusion,
But turne awhile, vnto the spirit of trueth, in your distresse,
And it shall cast out from your eies, all horror and confusion:
And of this your affliction, it will you soone redresse.

Eusebius.

We haue god hope Philologus, of your saluation doubtlesse.

Philologus.

What your hope is concerning mée, I vtterly contempne,
My Conscience, which for thousands stand, as guiltie mée condemne.

Eusebius.

When did this horror first you take, what think you is the cause?

Philologus.

Euen shortly, after I did make, mine open abiuration,
For that I did prefer my goods, before Gods holy lawes.

Therefore in wrath he did me ſende, this horrible veration,
And hath me wounded in the ſoule, with greeuous tribulation:
That I may be a preſident, in whom all men may viewe,
Thoſe torments, which to them, that wil forſake the Lord, are due.

Theologus.

Yet let me bouldly aſke one thing of you, without offence,
What was your former faith in Chriſt, which you before did holde?
For it is ſaide of holy Paule, in theſe ſame wordes in ſence:
It cannot be that vtterly, in faith he ſhould bee colde;
Who ſo he be, which perfectly, true faith in hart once holde:
Wherfore rehearce in ſhort diſcourſe, the ſum of your beleefe,
In thoſe pointes chiefly, which for health of ſoule, are thought moſt (cheefe.

Philologus.

I did beleeue in hart, that Chriſt was that true ſacrifice.
Which dyd appeaſe the fathers wrath, and that by him alone
We were made iuſt and ſanctified: I dyd beleeue lykewiſe,
That without him, heauen to attaine, ſufficient meanes were none.
But to reknowledge this againe, alas, all grace was gone:
I neuer loued him againe, with right and ſincere harte,
Neither was thankfull for the ſame, as was ech godmans part.
But rather toke the faith of Chriſt, for lyberte to ſinne,
And did abuſe his graces great, to further carnall luſt,
What wickednelle I did comunt, I cared not a pinne:
For that, that Chriſt diſcharged had, my ranſome, I dyd truſt:
Wherfore the Lord doth now correct, the ſame with torments iuſt.
My ſonnes, my ſonnes, I ſpeake to you, my counſell ponder well,
And practiſe that in dedes, which I in wordes ſhall to you tell.

I ſpeake not this, that I would ought, the Goſpell derogate,
Which is moſt true in euery part, I muſt it nedes confeſſe,
But this I ſay, that of vaine faith alone, you ſhould not prate:
But alſo by your holy lyfe, you ſhould your faith erpreſſe:
Beleeue me ſyres, for by good proofe, theſe thinges I do erpreſſe:
Peruſe the wrighting of S. Iames, and firſt of Peters too,
Which all Gods people, holyneſſe of lyfe exhort vnto.

By ſundrie reaſons, as for firſte, becauſe we ſtrangers are,
Againe, ſinne from the fleſh procede, but we are of the ſpirit:
The third, becauſe the fleſh alway, againſt the ſpirit do warre,

The

The fourth, ỽ ỽe may ſtop the mouthes of ſuch as would backbight;
The fifth, that other by our lynes, to God reduce we might:
Againe, they ſing a pleaſant ſong, which ſing in dæde and woꝛd,
But where euill life inſue good woꝛds, there is a foule diſcoꝛde:
But I alas, moſt wꝛetched wight, whereas I did preſume,
That I had got a perfect faith, did holy life diſdaine:
And though I did to other preach, good lyfe I did conſume:
My lyfe in wickednelle and ſinne, in ſpoꝛt and pleaſures vaine,
No, neither did I once contende, from them fleſh to reſtraine,
Behoilde therfoꝛe, the iudgements iuſt, of God doth mée annoy,
Not foꝛ amendement of my lyfe, but mée foꝛ to deſtroy.

Euſebius.

We do not altogether like of this your exhoꝛtation,
whereas you warne vs not to truſt, ſo much vnto our faith,
But that good woꝛkes we ſhould pꝛepare, vnto our pꝛeſeꝛuation,
There are two kindes of righteouſneſſe, as Paul to Romanes ſaith:
The one dependeth of good woꝛkes, the other hangs of faith:
The foꝛmer which the woꝛld allowes, god counts it leaſt of twaine,
As by good pꝛoofe, it ſhall to you, in woꝛds be pꝛoued playne.
For Socrates and Cato both, did purchaſe great renowne,
And Ariſtides ſurnamed Iuſt, this righteouſneſſe fulfilled,
Wherfoꝛe he was as iuſteſt man, erpelde his native towne,
Yet are their ſoules with Infydels, in hell foꝛ euer ſpilled,
Becauſe they ſought not righteouſnes, that way that God the willed
The other righteouſnes coms from faithe, which God regards alone,
And makes vs ſeeme immaculate, beforꝛe his heauenly thꝛone.
Wherfoꝛe, there is no cauſe you ſhould, ſende vs to outwarde act,
As to the ancoꝛ oꝛ refuge, of our pꝛeſeꝛuation.

Theologus.

The meaning of Philologus, is not heere ſo exact,
As do his woꝛdes make it to ſeeme, by your allegation,
He doth not meane betweene good woꝛkes, and faith to make relation
As though woꝛkes were equiuolent, ſaluation to attaine.
As is true faith, but what he ment, I will ſet downe moꝛe playne,
He did exhoꝛt the youngmen heere, by him foꝛ to beware,
Leaſt as he did, ſo they abuſe, Gods goſpell pure,
And without god aduice, vſurp of faith the gift ſo rare:

Whereby they think, what ſo they do, thē ſelues from torments free,
And by this proud preſumption, Gods anger ſhould procure:
And where they boaſt and vaunt, thē ſelues, good faithfull men to bee,
Yet in their lyues, they do deny their faith in ech degree:
Wherfore he ſaith, as Peter ſaide, ſee that you do make knowne,
Your owne election by your workes: againe, S. Iames doth ſay,
Shew mee thy faith, and by my works, my faith ſhall thee be ſhown.
And wherupon his owne offence, he doth to them bewray,
Wheras he did vainegloriouſly, vpon a dead faith ſtay:
Which for the inwarde righteouſneſſe, he alway did ſuſpect,
And hereupon all godlynes of lyfe, he did neglect.

Philologus.

That was the meaning of my wordes, how euer I them ſpake,
The truth (alas) vile wretch, my ſoule and Conſcience ſo true feele.

Theologus.

What? do you not Philologus, with vs no comfort take,
When all theſe thinges, ſo godlyly, to you I do reueale,
Eſpecially, ſith that your ſelfe, in them are ſeene ſo well:
Some hope vnto vs of your health, and ſafetie yet is left,
We do not think that all Gods grace, from you is wholly reft.

Philologus.

Alas, what comfort can betide, vnto a damned wretch?
What ſo I heere, ſee, feele, talk, ſpeake, is turned all to woe.

Euſebius.

Ah deare Philologus, think not, y ought can Gods grace outreache,
Conſider Dauid which did ſinne in luſt, and murther too:
Yet was he pardoned of his ſinnes, and ſo ſhalt thou alſo.

Phil. King Dauid alwaies, was elect, but I am reprobate,
And therefore I can finde ſmall eaſe, by waighing his eſtate.
He alſo prayed vnto God, which I ſhall neuer doe,
His prayer was that God would not, his ſpirit take away:
But it is gone from mee long ſince, and ſhall be giuen no moe.
But what became of Cayne, of Cam, of Saul, I do you pray?
Of Iudas, and Barchu, theſe muſt my Conſcience ſlay.
Of Iulyan Apoſtata, with other of that crue,
The ſame torments muſt I abide, which theſe men did inſue:

Theologus.

Alas my friend, take in good part, the chaſtiſment of y Lorde

Who

Who doth correct you in this world, that in the lyfe to come,
We might you ſaue, for of the like, the Scripture beares recorde.

Philologus.

That is not Gods intent with mée, though it be ſo with ſome,
Who after bodies puniſhment, haue into fauour come:
But I (alas) in ſpirit and ſoule, theſe greeuous torments beare,
God hath condemned my Cõſcience, to perpetuall greife and feare.
I would moſt gladly chuſe to lyue, a thouſand, thouſande yeare.
In all the torments and the griefe that damned ſoules ſuſtaine,
So that at length I might haue eaſe, it would me greatly cheare.
But I alas, ſhall in this lyfe, in torments ſtill remaine,
While Gods iuſt anger, vpon mee, ſhall be reuealed plaine:
And I ample made to all, of Gods iuſt indignation,
Oh that my body were at reſt, and ſoule in condemnation.

Euſebius.

I pray you anſwer me herein, where you by déepe diſpaire,
Say, you are worſe here in this lyfe, then if you were in hell,
And for becauſe to haue death come, you alway make your prayer,
As though your ſoule and body both, in torments great did dwell:
If that a man ſhould giue to you a ſworde, I pray you tell,
Would you deſtroy your ſelfe there with: as doe the deſperate,
Which hange or kill, or into flouds, themſelues precipitate.

Philologus.

Giue me a ſworde, then ſhall you know, what is in mine intent.

Euſebius.

Not ſo my friend, I onely aſke, what herein were your will;

Philologus.

I cannot, neither will I tell, wherto I would be bent.

Theologus.

Theſe wordes doe nothing edifye, but rather fancies fill,
Which we would gladly if we could, indeuour for to kill.
Wherefore, I once againe requeſt, together let vs pray:
And ſo we will leaue you to God, and ſend you hence away.

Philologus.

I cannot pray, my ſpirit is dead, no faith in me remayne

Theologus.

Doe as you can, no more then might, we can aſk at your hand.

Philologus.

My prayers turned is to ſinne, for God doth it diſdaine,

Euſebius.

It is the falſehod of the ſpirit, which dow your health withſtande,
That teach you this, wherfore in time, reiect his filthy bande.

Theologus.

Come kneele by me, and let vs pray, the Lord of Heauen vnto:

Philologus.

With as good will as did the Diuell, out of the deaffe man goe.
O God which dwelleſt in the heauens. &c. (come,
Nay ſirs, you dw your labours loſe, ſee where Belzabub doth
And doth inuite me to a feaſt, you therefore ſpeake in vaine,
Yea if you aſke ought more of me, in anſwer I will be dumbe,
I wil not waſt my tong for naught, as ſome ſhall one ſmall grayne
Of Murderſome, all all the world, as I true faith attaine.

Theologus.

We will no lenger ſtay you now, but let you hence depart.

Euſebius.

Yet will we pray continually, that God woulde you conuert.

Theologus.

Gisbertus and Paphnitius, conduct him to his place,
But ſee he haue good company, let him not be alone:

Ambo.

We ſhall ſo dw, God vs aſſiſt, with his moſt holy grace.

Gisbertus.

Come Father dw you not think good, that we from hence begone?

Philologus.

Let go my handes at lybertie, aſſiſtaunce I craue none:
Oh that I had a ſworde awhile, I ſhould ſone eaſed be.

Ambo.

Alas deare father, what do you? Euſeb. His wil we may now ſee

Theologus. Exeunt Phi. Gis. Paph.

O glorious God, how wonderfull, thoſe iudgements are (of thine
Thou dwſt beholde the ſecret hart, naught doth thy eyes beguile,
Oh what occaſion is vs giuen, to feare thy might deuine,
And from our hartes to hate and lothe, iniquities ſo vile,
Leaſt for the ſame, thou in thy wrath, dwſt grace from vs exile.

The outwarde man doeth thée not pleaſe, noꝛ yet, the minde alone,
But thou requireſt both of vs, oꝛ elſe regardeſt none.

Euſebius.

Héere may the woꝛldlinges haue a glaſſe, their ſtates foꝛ to behold,
And learne in time, foꝛ to eſcape, the iudgements of the Loꝛde,
Whilſte they by flattering of them ſelues, of faith both dead and colde
Do ſell their ſoules to wickednes, of all good men abhoꝛde:
But godlynes doth not depend, in knowing of the woꝛde:
But in fullfilling of the ſame, as in this man we ſée,
Who though he did to others pꝛeach, his lyfe did not agrée.

Theologus.

Againe Philologus witneſſeth, which is the trueth of Chꝛiſt,
Foꝛ that conſenting to the Pope, he did the Loꝛde abiure,
Whereby he teacht the wauering fayth, on which ſide to perſiſt:
And thoſe which haue the trueth of God, that ſtill they may indure,
The Tyꝛaunts which delight in blode, he likewiſe doth aſſure,
In whoſe affayꝛes, they ſpende their time: but let vs homewarde goe.

Euſebius.

I am content, that after meate, we maye reſoꝛte him to. Exiunt.
Theo. & Euſe.

Acte ſixe. Scene laſt.

NVNTIVS.

O Ye ioyfull newes, which I repoꝛt, and bꝛing into your eares,
Philologus, that would haue hangde himſelfe with coard,
Is nowe conuerted vnto God, with manie bitter teares,
By godly councell he was won, all pꝛayſe be to the Loꝛde,
His errours all, he did renounce, his blaſphemies he abhoꝛde:
And being conuerted, left his lyfe, erhoꝛting foe and friend,
That do pꝛofeſſe the fayth of Chꝛiſt, to be conſtant to the ende,
Full thꝛtie wéekes, in wofull wiſe, afflicted he had bene,
All which long time, he toke no foode, but foꝛſt againſt his will,
Euen with a ſpoone to poure ſome bꝛoath, his téeth betwéene,
And though they ſought by foꝛce, this wiſe to fée̊de him ſtill,
He alwayes ſtroue with all his might, the ſame on ground to ſpill,
So that no ſuſtenaunce he receiu'de, ne ſléepe could he attayne,
And nowe the Loꝛd, in mercy great hath eaſde him of his payne.

FINIS. N. W.